THE BYSTANDER
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SEPTEMBER 6, 1933

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The BYSTANDER

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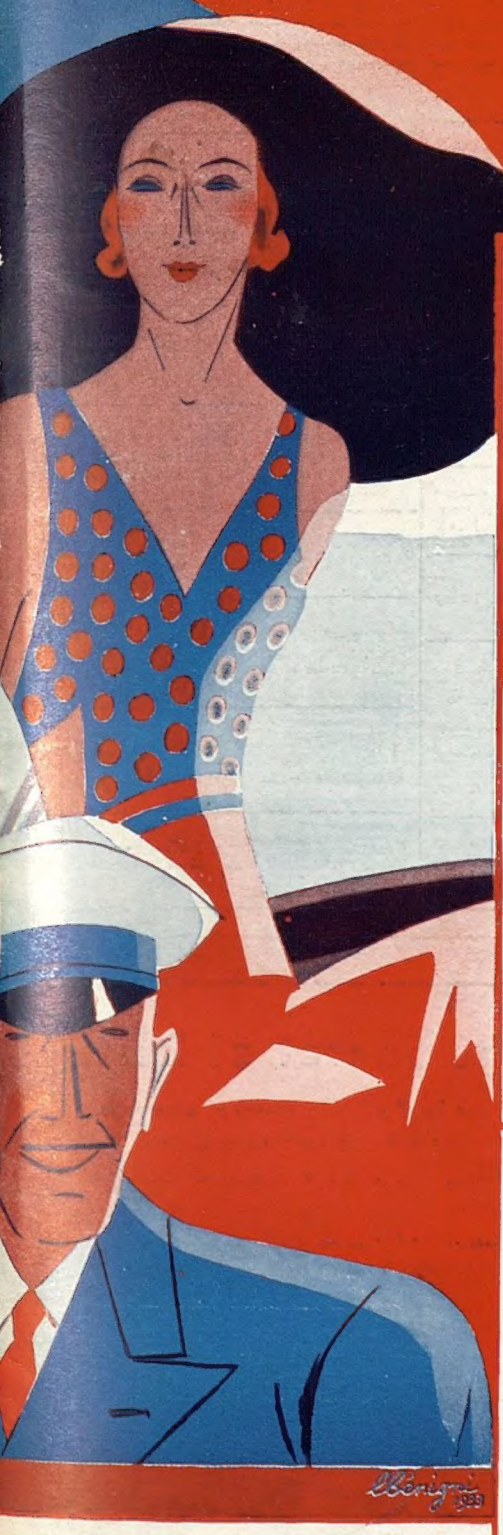

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The BYSTANDER

Cannons of Hollywood

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE

The latest portrait of C. B. Cochran's leading lady, who will shortly be seen in "Nymph Errant," adapted from James Laver's novel by Romney Brent, with music by Cole Porter, at the Adelphi Theatre

• WHAT'S • ADO • ABOUT • TOWN

"The Bystander's" Potted Social Diary of the Week

The Earl of Warwick with his bride, on the return from their honeymoon, being presented by the Mayor of Warwick with a canteen of cutlery, a wedding present from the people of Warwick. The presentation took place after a luncheon had been given in their honour at the Town Hall

Outside the church after the christening of Captain and Mrs. F. V. Spooner's baby at Bray, near Maidenhead, at which Lady Desborough, and Mr. Frederick T. Ford were present. The picture shows Captain and Mrs. Spooner with some of their friends, and Lady Desborough, the godmother, holding the child

Lady Child, Patrick Ryan, and Lady Erroll watching the Highland Games at Ballater, on Royal Deeside

Mr. Allon Bacon, son of the late Mr. C. S. Bacon and of Mrs. Bacon, of Hawbridge, Bucks, leaving St. George's, Hanover Square, after his marriage to Miss Desirée de Courcy Wheeler, daughter of Sir William Wheeler, the famous Irish surgeon

With activity at a standstill in the social world of London, for Lady Cunard's house in Grosvenor Square is still an advertisement for various firms of decorators, I feel that I must still regale you with potins (spicy little bits of news) from the various watering-places where the "herds" have been driven to quench their thirsts.

Yet, in London, I find that some of the "herd-leaders" have returned to the ancestral stalls. Prominent "Punch-ites" already viewed in a brown haze of acquired solar tints are Mrs. Stewart Brown, Mrs. Philip Legros, Miss Celia Palmer, Mrs. "Babe" Barnato, and Mrs. Beryl Mills.

It was marvellous in Cannes, some of them told me, most of the "crowd" were there: what a change, and what fun! And the Berkeley Boys (as the smart young frequenters of that resort are still termed) all beckoned with bonhomie Benita Hume back to Britain; prospective bridegroom, Jack Dunfee, drawled delightfully, yet still dismally.

Up North

Society still considers itself to be in the North, or in Biarritz, now that the seasons at Le Touquet and Deauville are drawing to a close. **York** Races lured a lot of sportsmen temporarily off the grouse moors. Lord Zetland, Lord Scarborough, Lord Londesborough and Sir Richard Sykes were worthy representatives of the North of England aristocracy. Lady Rosebery and Lady Maureen Stanley had just deserted North Berwick's golf for this very good meeting, at which Mr. F. W. Wilmot is the organising genius.

There was also a fair gathering at the **Gleneagles** Hotel, not so much for the golf, as for the mannequin parade: fine piping took place at Lochaber—enthusiastic visitors were "piped" all the way from Eigg: caber-tossing was another popular sport.

Shootin'

Grouse have done well on the moors when there has been plenty of water: on some there has been no rain since March. Fine bags obtained from Ganochy, the Dalhousie properties, Millden, which Captain Ivan Cobbold owns, and Hunthill, belonging to Sir Ian Walker. No fish at all, except kippers and finnon haddocks from Aberdeen.

Fishy

But a dreadful fishing story reaches me from Scarborough. Some of the worthy tunny-fishers, who have landed such fine catches, have been accused of using **Ropes**. "Heave-ho, my lads!" is now the battle-cry of those plucky anglers. How we deplore professionalism in sport! Let us leave the tunny to the trawlers, and not risk such a dire piscatorial problem in these strenuous times.

Prince and Princess Jean de Caraman Chimay (he is head of Veuve Clicquot at Rheims) have been at Sir Kay Muir's; he was enjoying a steak at the Savoy Grill, as good, he said, as any in France.

And on Friday the "little brown birds" got it in the neck. "Thro' the wheaten stubble is heard the frequent gun," for "free-loosing" is the fashion again among our foremost marksmen. Another great sporting event last week was the opening of the **Oyster** season.

M. André photographed at Deauville, of which town he is the unofficial godfather

Lord Michelham about to go aboard his yacht Atlantis, in which he has been paying a visit to Deauville

Mr. Pat Egan, whose sailing-yacht was in the harbour, Mr. Cecil Latta, and Mlle. Mitsu, a Chinese friend, enjoying an apéritif on shore at Deauville

Mrs. John C. Marriot, daughter of Mr. Otto Khan, and wife of Major Marriot, who is in the Scots Guards, seen above at Biarritz

Miss Kirstie Nelson, who is now in Scotland stopping with Lord and Lady Blandford. This photograph was taken at Biarritz, which she visited after a sojourn on the Riviera

Bivalves

Masses of mayors masticated bivalves in the Colchester and Whitstable districts; Mr. Isidore Kerman, director of Scott's and terror of those-about-to-be-divorced, held a trial feast before "r" was in the month. All guests still reported in good health.

In Town

One of my distinguished colleagues is in dire distress; she viewed Mrs. Ormond Lawson Johnston in the Park—and in August. "O tempora, o mores!" However, she had been previously viewed at most of the fashionable Continental resorts, and reported at all the others, so she need not worry.

Les Plages

In spite of the early return to Mayfair of numbers of the right people, I felt that still a few histoires lurked around the Normandy plages. Was not disappointed. At Pourville, heard that Mr. Jack Michelham offered services as "amateur" chauffeur. Motored a passenger into Boulogne for 300 francs, and was fined 100 francs for plying for hire without a licence. Ghastly rumour that the otter hounds are to be disbanded next season.

Miss Dodo Watts, the popular blonde, much in evidence; Mrs. Betty Rolland throws ash-tray at ex-husband's feet; a self-contained spot—town, plage, piscine, baccara, night-club, all in the hotel.

Le Touquet

Congratulate **Le Touquet** on its "big" golf-course. Best on the Continent. Sir George Langton had bees in his villa—enlisted services of apiaristic Mr. Donald Stoneham to collect swarm. Family- and villa-life the great feature.

Deauville

Deauville at its brightest for the Grand Prix. The Dudley Gilroys (who own "Solly" Joel's late box) entertained at the races. Mr. Jack Clayton shortened odds on the Tote—the Aga Khan left before last race each day to play backgammon.

In the harbour Lord Michelham bestrode Atlantis—the Paxton's were "at home" on Braemar — Mr. Pat Egan on Hispania. Cutty Sark and "le duc de Westminster" still the great English draw from French point of view.

In the Casino Maxims had sent from Paris the company's permanent rolling-stock to cheer up lonely men: Maurice Rostand floated about as though he deserved wings, even if temporarily lacking them: Erskine Gwynne looked for copy: Lord Allerton looked pensive; Baron Pallandt chewed glasses in the bar, and searched under baccara-tables for a dog he called "La Tosca"; Prince Aage of Denmark helped him, before returning to a spell of duty with the Foreign Legion: M. André looked on with almost kingly dignity.

In the Normandy Sir Walter and Lady de Frece gave dinner-parties, as did Sir John and Lady Latta; Mr. Berry Wall was always waiting for his wife or exercising his dog; the Prince of Nepal was escorting Miss "Dixie" Gordon; the sisters Lejeune (seen in England this summer) gave impression that they had invented racing. Mr. James Hennessy flew with his "mascot" to the Ostend Grand Prix; she stood behind him again at the big table in Deauville the same evening.

Monte Carlo

From Monte Carlo cavaliers are cabling New York for more Ziegfeld Follies. Have temporarily taken the place of the Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo—slightly different technique adopted. All reported coming to London in autumn, under direction of Cliff Whitley.

MR. PEEPS

Heat Wave

Third Spasm

Left: Mrs. Beryl Mills, Lady Worthington Evans, the Hon. Mrs. Barford, second daughter of Lord Ashfield, Miss Robertson, and Mrs. Claud Duveen, on the front at Frinton; the three former ready for a dip in the sad sea waves

Swaebe

Frinton Femininity

Left: Miss Iris Ashley and Miss Peggy Johnson leave for a time the stage for the sea, at Birchington, on the Kent coast

Below: l. to r., Mrs. Bertie Stern, who has been entertaining at Villa Espoir, Biarritz, Mr. Dudley Tooth, Mrs. O'Malley Keyes, a well-known figure in Biarritz, Mrs. Everard Gates, wife of the young English millionaire, and Mrs. Dudley Tooth, seated in the deck chair, preparatory to a swim in the bathing-pool

Bathing at Biarritz

Frinton Again

Princess von Bismarck takes her small daughter, the Countess Marie Anne, for a ride on her back after their morning bathe at Frinton, which is a paradise for children

The Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu is a daughter of Mr. and the late Mrs. Benjamin Seymour Guinness, and was married to the Hon. William Drogo Montagu, younger son of the Earl and Countess of Sandwich, in 1931. Her husband is a Flying Officer in the Auxiliary Air Force. Their son, seen on this page with his mother, bears the name of John Dru

Photographs Hay Wrightson

Two Generations

The Hon. Mrs. Drogo Montagu and her Son

• PERSONALITIES

The Earl of Portarlington

Dances in a jovial way and enjoys life

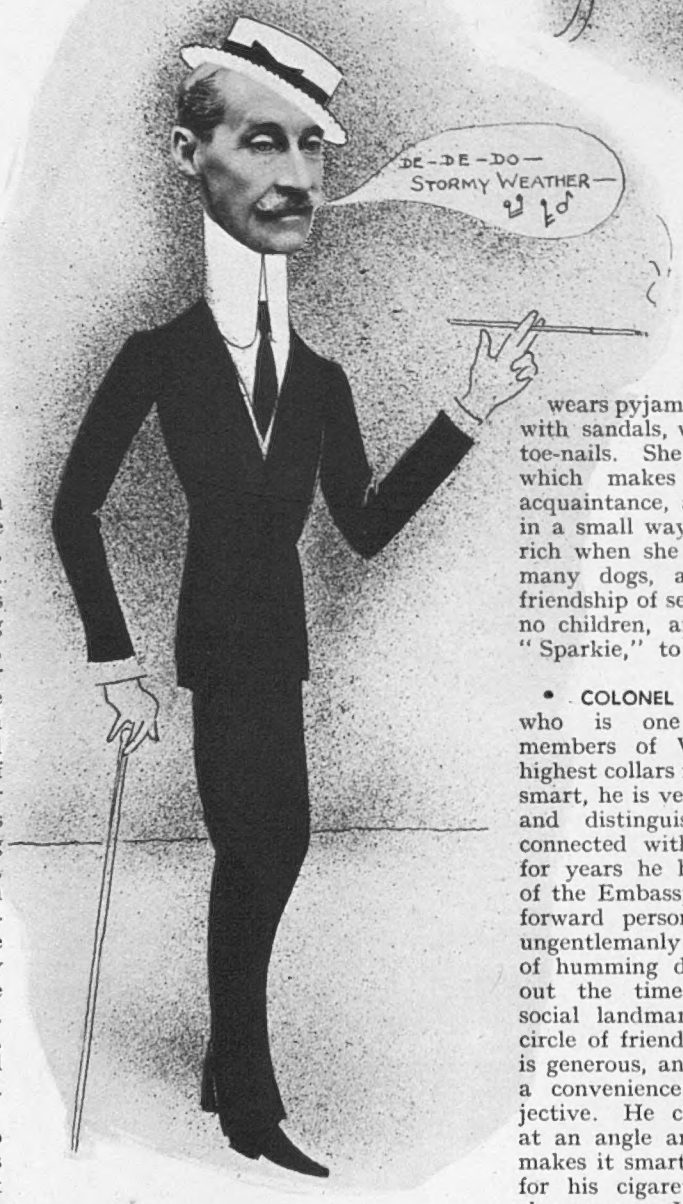
• MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT who has been entertaining at her wonderful villa, the Château l'Horizon, at Juan les Pins, has a private bridge across the railway. Her villa is very beautiful, and she has designed nearly all of it herself, including the huge, blue-tiled swimming-bath, with a chute into the sea, and a bar from which hot luncheons can be served. Every bed-room has its own balcony, bathroom, and box-room, and on the stairs are two fine portraits of Maxine Elliott at the height of her dramatic fame and beauty. She has tremendous will-power, and an arresting personality. A capacity for friendship, generosity, and great depths of emotion are her chief characteristics. She invariably goes her own way in life. She adores small animals of the monkey species, she likes good food and the company of large numbers of people. She has money, beautiful dark eyes, many relations, a number of devoted friends, and the nicest villa on the Riviera.

• THE EARL OF PORTARLINGTON who had his fiftieth birthday last week, is a well-known social "character." Pink and white, plump, and be-spectacled, he is a teetotaller. He is known as the "King of Le Touquet," because he "made the place," socially. He invented turkish-towelling pyjamas for the South of France, and he is at present working in a coach-builder's, designing motor-car bodies. He is Irish, and has a fund of humorous stories which make him good company; but he is restless and likes to know everyone of distinction in a restaurant or ball-room, wandering from table to table, talking to his friends. He dances in a jovial way and enjoys life and laughter. He has a very rich wife, a clever son and heir, a smart new Rolls-Royce, and an infectious laugh.

• THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD, who has been visiting Germany, is the largest land-owner in Scotland. She is the thirteenth Countess, is aged twenty-seven, and is married to Mr. Derek Studley Herbert. They visit Scotland occasionally, but have rented a house at Lingfield, and are devotees of the sunny South of France. She has fair hair, long, darkened eyelashes, a sweet character, and a stutter. Unusual Victorian jewellery suits her, and she wears pyjamas on all possible occasions, with sandals, which show her very red toe-nails. She has a charming manner, which makes everyone like her on acquaintance, and she is a good hostess in a small way. She will be immensely rich when she is middle-aged. She has many dogs, a liking for parties, the friendship of several clever young people, no children, and a mother, nicknamed "Sparkie," to whom she is devoted.

The Countess of Seafield

Sandals which show her very red toe-nails



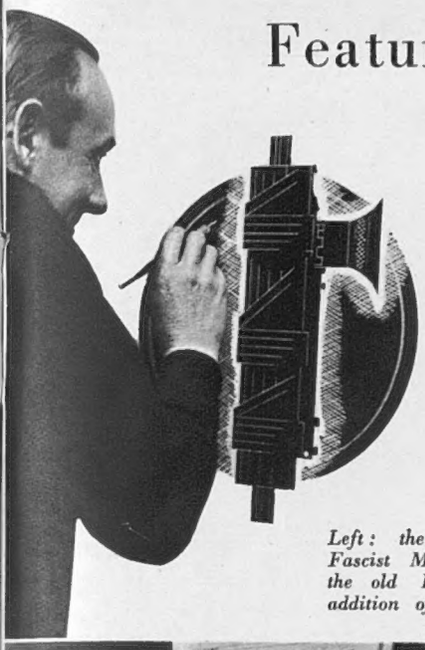
Col. the Hon. Wilfrid Egerton

Can wear a straw-boater at an angle, and with "an air"

• COLONEL THE HON. WILFRID EGERTON, who is one of the best-known members of White's Club, wears the highest collars in London. Always very smart, he is very thin, tall, white-haired, and distinguished. He is intimately connected with Society's night life, as for years he has directed the interests of the Embassy Club. He is a straightforward person who could not do an ungentlemanly action. He has a habit of humming dance tunes, and rapping out the time with his knuckles. A social landmark, he has an enormous circle of friends and acquaintances. He is generous, and money has always been a convenience to him, never an objective. He can wear a straw boater at an angle and with "an air" which makes it smart; he always uses a holder for his cigarettes, and is a judge of champagne. He has goloshes for wet weather, a good-looking wife, a love of racing, and the good will of many people, both young and old. — PETER PEPPER.

Featuring the Fascists

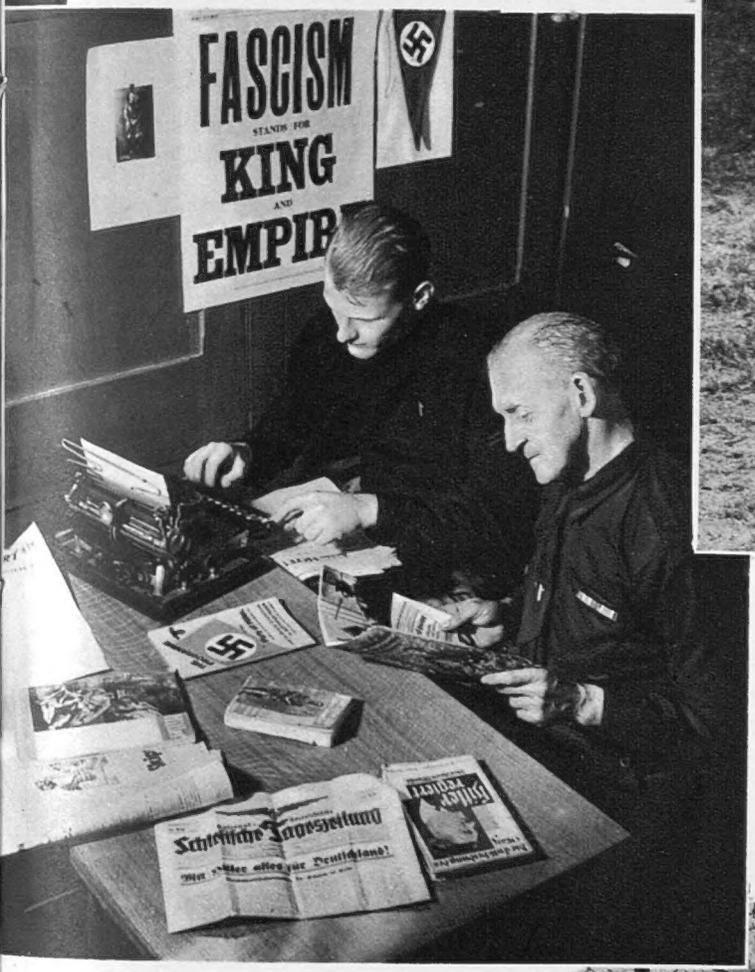
Sir Oswald Mosley's Organisation Pictured



Left: the symbol of the English Fascist Movement, which resembles the old Roman fasces — with the addition of a telephone mouthpiece

Sir Oswald Mosley and Chief of Staff

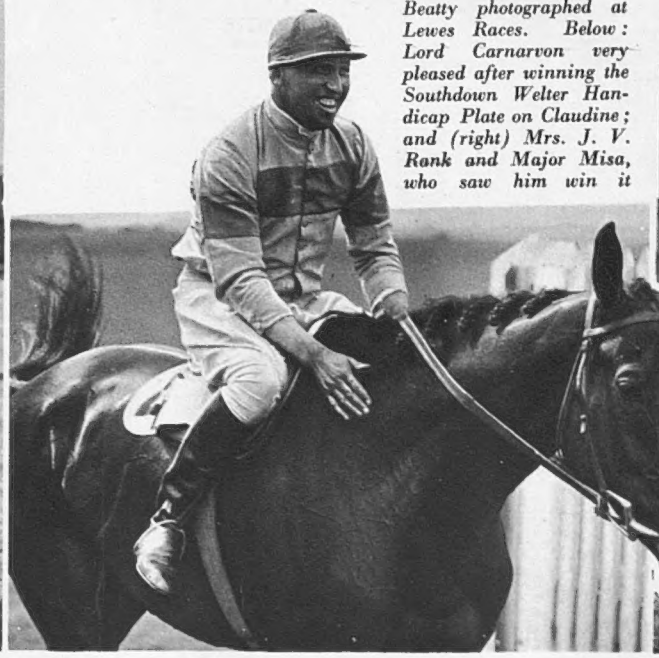
Above: Sir Oswald Mosley (right) takes his morning walk with his Chief of Staff at Whitelands College, King's Road, Chelsea, now the headquarters of the Movement



Above: studying foreign news at headquarters. Right: the map of London with flags showing the districts in which Fascist groups have been formed. It is claimed that no Fascist Movement has developed so rapidly in the first ten months as the English

A Racing Reverie: By "Regular"

Mainly about Personalities at York



Left: Mrs. Van der Beatty photographed at Lewes Races. Below: Lord Carnarvon very pleased after winning the Southdown Welter Handicap Plate on Claudine; and (right) Mrs. J. V. Rank and Major Misa, who saw him win it

As the dragoman to Mr. Ferdinand Ulysses King, I enjoyed York immensely. You insular folk may never have heard of Mr. King, and, frankly, until I took him under my wing he had never heard of you; but in America the very name of King sends shudders down the spine of all speculators.

Popularly known on Wall Street as "King Bear," or the red rag to a bull, Mr. King sold short so effectively that he is now in a position to buy long. I am hoping to interest him in bloodstock and induce that wise head of his to do a bid of nodding in the sale paddocks at Doncaster.

Mr. King was tremendously impressed with York, and the meeting could hardly have opened more auspiciously for him, as a fellow-countryman, in Mr. Joe Widener, won the first race. I pointed him out Mr. Widener's trainer, Captain Boyd Rochfort, and, like all Americans, he liked the look of Cecil a whole lot.

"And who 's the guy in the coloured shirt? Is that his father?" asked Mr. King; but I had to tell him that he was no relation, but a man called Joe Childs. He expressed surprise and admiration at the longevity of our knights of the pigskin.

Mr. King was delighted with Gordon Richards, but he dearly wanted the wasp that stung him on the lip. "That 's the most famous insect in the world," he declared, "and would serve as a suitable memento of this noteworthy occasion."

Prince Ali Khan next came under our notice, and I explained that he had recently ridden several winners, but, although, like Lord Carnarvon, an expert race-rider, he was not a professional jockey.

Mr. King was amazed. "D' you mean to tell me," he said, "that I have to pay that little runt"—pointing at Gordon—"three guineas to ride my horse, when I can get a real live Prince or an Earl to do it for nothing?"

In the absence of the King, I pointed out Lord Harewood, the most Royal personage present, and explained that he and the Princess Royal had a large party of distinguished guests, but if he wanted to know who they were he must look in the *Times*.

Mr. King has a roving eye, and to bring him back to business, I said: "Look, there 's Myrobella!" "Beautiful!" he replied, with the air of a real connoisseur. "Looks a bit hot, I 'm afraid," I went on. Mr. King contradicted me flatly, and I then realised our misunderstanding, and hastened to put it right. "Oh, no, Mr. King, you 've got it wrong; that 's not Myrobella, you 're looking at Mrs. Murphy."

To one whose life is spent on a racecourse, it seems impossible that there are millions of people in the world who don't know that those three tall, secretive ladies are Mrs. Lambton, Mrs. Beatty, and Miss Monica Sheriffe; that that distinguished-looking lady who is always smiling, though her son is the biggest amateur punter, is Mrs. Clayton; that that blond young man is Jack Myers; and that that fat, elderly-looking one is his son; that that handsome, dark young man is "Crocker" Bulteel, the handicapper, who does his work so well that all his friends are broke; and that that good-looking blond is Sir Richard Sykes, who owns the famous stud at Sledmere; that that little man with a worried look is Fred Darling; that all those captains and majors are the Racecourse Press; and that that man walking on a stick is Harry Wragg.

Although still lame, it was great to see Wragg on a racecourse again. To break both legs inside eight months was cruel luck indeed, but it would take more than that to defeat Harry. He hopes to be able to resume riding at Doncaster; and what a cheer the public, who love a good plucked 'un, will give him when he rides his first winner!

Harry Wragg is a very lucky man in many ways, and he has a charming and attractive wife, who knows that when Harry has a row with anyone, the other fellow 's always wrong. That 's the spirit I like to see, and one I encourage at Castle Regular.

To return to Mr. King. The race for the Nunthorpe Stakes excited him to a frenzy, but the result was a disappointment to us. He was very impressed, however, with Gordon's gesture in turning round, almost before they had passed the post, to congratulate Carslake on his fine riding. Later in the day, we all toasted "more power to 'Brownie's' elbow!"

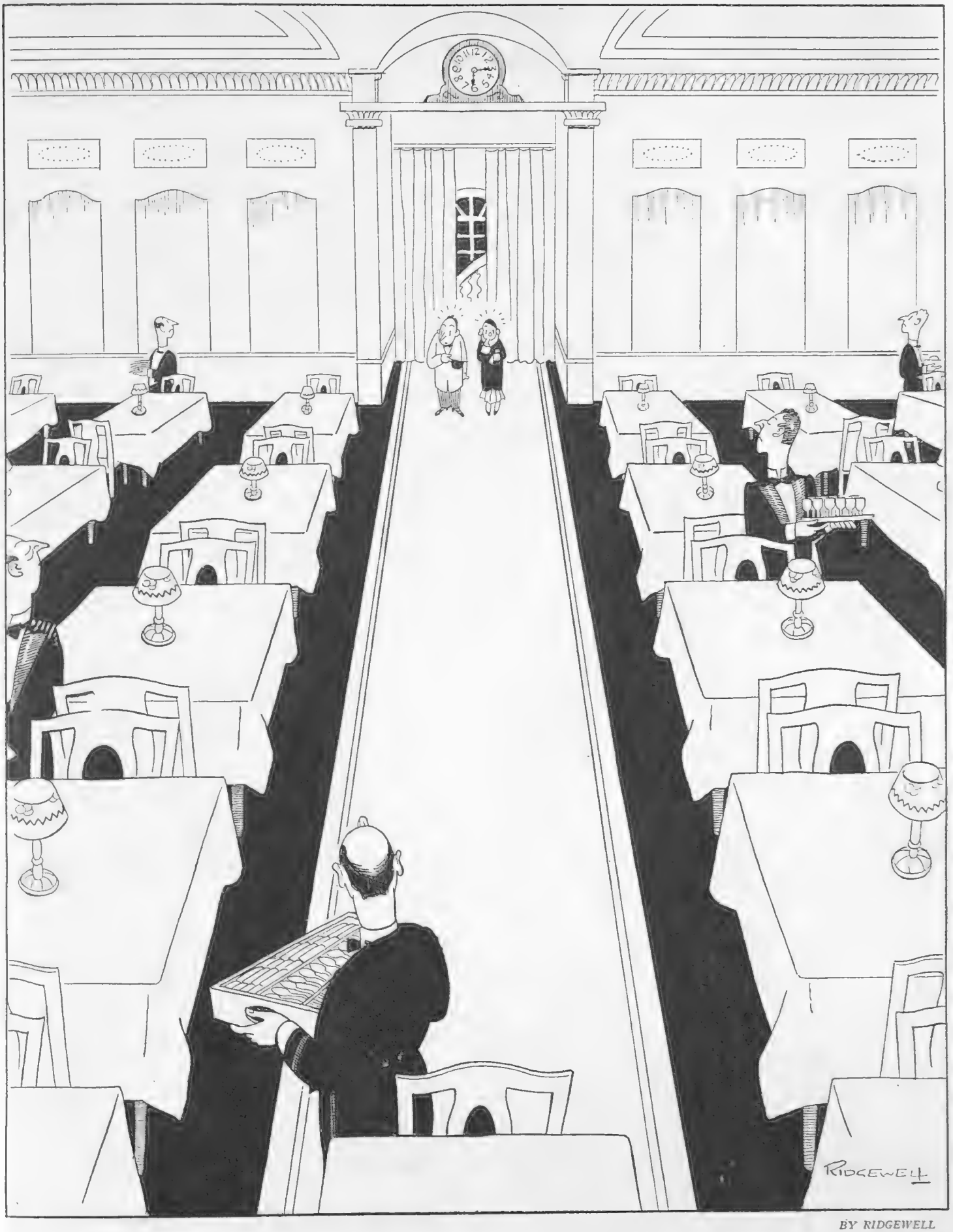
The professional backers, too, who followed Myrobella in, shouting "Objection!" also merit a word of praise. It was splendid to see these hard-working men doing their best to save Lord Lonsdale from tasting the bitterness of defeat.

Ebor day was glorious: the sun shone, there was the biggest crowd I have ever seen at York, the women looked about two stone better-looking in the sunshine than they had in the gloom of the preceding day, and most of us backed a few winners.

It was a mistaken piece of loyalty, though, which made us think Fox-Earth would win the big race. The ground was harder than he liked, and the distance too far, and no amount of Gordon's persuasion ever looked like proving of the slightest avail.

We all like to think we 're very clever and know the Form Book inside out; but, nevertheless, we back a lot of losers. I have just received, however, a little book which makes two-year-old racing a lot easier and, with the Nurseries coming along, should prove a godsend.

It is called *"Sam" Long's Two-Year-Old Handicap*, and the third edition is just out. I have known Captain Long since the war days, when he was a dashing Fusilier, and an instructor at Sandhurst, and I was a very humble cadet. Compiled by one of the best judges of racing I know, "Sam" Long's little book satisfies a long-felt want. It costs a guinea, and is worth every penny of it. My advice is: write to Captain Long, Newmarket, and get it. It will save you a lot of money.



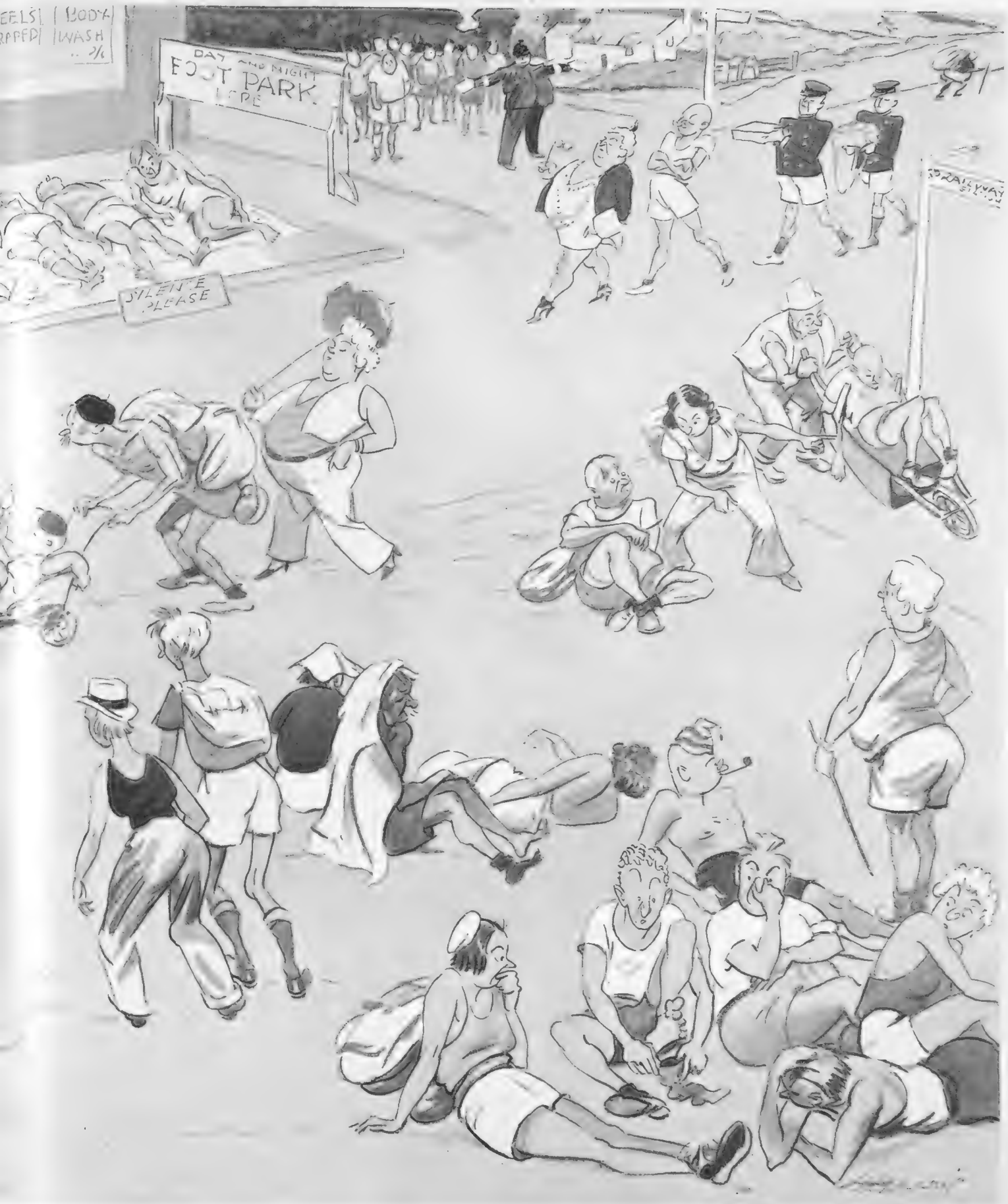
BY RIDGEWELL

"Dinner from 7.30"

C

Why not Service S

Our foot-sore artist, H. H. Harris, feeling that motorists should not have the sole monopol



ations for Hikers?

f service on the roads, anticipates that those who pad the hoof will soon be provided for

Second Thoughts on First Nights

An "Ace" who Spoke to a King

Left: Rittmeister Kurt von Hagen (Raymond Massey), a prey to nerves and an ever-increasing fear of "The Major," an English airman who "flies like an angel and shoots like a devil," endeavours to conquer his imagination with useless opiates, brandy and innumerable cigarettes

Sketches by Rouson

"The Ace," at the Lyric Theatre

THE psychology of Fear is an awkward theme to develop over three acts; one of those emotional snowballs that get too big all of a sudden and refuse to be rolled any farther. Lord Lathom had a shot at it in *Fear*, which culminated in a neurotic young man nearly going raving-mad in a spooky attic.

You guessed he was working up for a nasty, hysterical scene as soon as the play began. The return of sanity in the nick of time was anti-climax. It seems that, once an author works a character up to the border-line of lunacy, he must either pull him back as a last-minute act of mercy or finish him off in a vortex of violent hallucinations.

The theme carries the snag of Inevitability, and that element of predestination is the keynote of *The Ace*, which is, furthermore, a play about the psychology of fear. So you shouldn't be surprised when Rittmeister von Hagen, with forty-nine victories in aerial combat to his credit, goes up at last to meet "The Major," and fulfil his destiny. Nor should you be too hard on the German author, Herman Rossman, or his English adaptor, Miles Malleson, for beginning a cumulative portrait of a brave man afraid, and carrying it no farther than the first outlines. Once you grasp what is going on in von Hagen's mind and terror-haunted dreams, the trick of the wandering French blonde and the portent of the midnight ghost (von Hagen's predecessor in command of the German Seventh Fighter Squadron) carries you no farther down the path of psychological study.

Cocotte and spook are but theatrical extras, although there is poignancy in the French girl's lack of German, for she takes von Hagen's pent-up confessions of fear for love-making; but the ghost does not go, somehow, with the realism of the war atmosphere and the excellence of the Noises Off.

Still, as a war play, *The Ace* is vivid and gripping, whether it plays the Hollywood game of dragging in a blonde at any price, or borrows a notion from *Hamlet*, or is just frankly and effectively melodramatic, as when von Hagen speaks to the Kaiser on the telephone and receives the All-Highest's premature congratulations on his fiftieth victim. Or when a mud-stained corporal of infantry, shirking the front-line trenches, blurts out a broken sentence about his child. Played by Wilfrid Lawson, this half-comic, half-symbolic figure has a haunting intensity which is less deliberately stressed by Robert Speaight in a sensitive portrait of a young Cadet unable to face the terrors of a first (and inevitably last) parachute jump.

Obliged to rely mainly on the strong stuff to keep the action moving, but doubly sure of his subtler emotional strokes, Raymond Massey contrives to keep the Ace always in play and always a trump card.

Ernest Jay is amusingly old-soldier as the batman, Franklyn Bellamy is a captured R.F.C. Captain to the life, and W. Cronin Wilson is excellent as a one-legged and paternal veteran. The French girl, not the only strange visitor to the Chateau, is very competently played by Mlle. Ketty Gallian.

TRINCULO.

Below: just three subordinates whose admiration for "The Ace" is only equalled by their awe of him. Bolle (Ernest Jay), the batman; his Second in Command (Griffith Jones), and Roeder (W. Cronin Wilson), the wooden-legged "father" of the Squadron, a bit of an "ace" himself

The "Ace" who talks to a King

Moor, Sea, Spa, Links

Personalities en Vacances Find Varied Relaxations

Swaebe

Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, the wife of the well-known conductor, Mrs. Philip Hill, formerly Mrs. Walter Payne, the golfer, and Mr. Philip Hill, who are on a visit combining health with pleasure at Llandrindod Wells, the famous Welsh spa

The Hon. Bertram Forbes, Miss Maryon-Wilson, Colonel Stanley Barry, and Miss Cripps at Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson's grouse shoot over Slochd beat, Kinveachy Forest, Inverness-shire

Swaebe

From right to left: the Duchess of Rutland with her son, Lord John Manners, and her niece, Miss Mary Rose Charteris, on the links at North Berwick

Above: Sigr. G. N. de Facci Negrati, the Countess of Gainsborough and the Earl of Gainsborough seen at the back. Sitting on the shingly shore are Lady Maureen Noel and the Hon. Gerard Noel, two more of the Countess of Gainsborough's children who are enjoying a holiday at Littlehampton

Right: the Hon. Simon Rodney, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, and her father, General Sir David Kinloch, Bt., of Gilmerton, on the links

Waiting at the Redan, North Berwick

Sun-Seekers in France: N. S. and W.

Above: M. Rodochanachi compares notes with the Begum Aga Khan, who is wearing a Jean Patou model at fashionable Deauville

Below: Lady Kemball-Cook, wife of Sir Alfred Kemball-Cook, affects simplicity in costume at Deauville. Her father was a General in the Imperial Russian Army

Left: Mrs. William Mollison (Joan Clarkson), whose husband is cousin of the airman, with Lord Portarlington, who celebrated his fiftieth birthday last month, on the front at Cannes

Left: Princess Alexis Mdivani, who, previous to her marriage, was Miss Barbara Hutton, on her yacht, Ali Baba. She has been cruising in the Mediterranean, and stopped at the Excelsior Palace, Lido, afterwards setting out on a trip to Biarritz

Below: M. André Citroën, the famous French motor-car magnate, at Deauville with his daughter

The Comtesse Villeneuve on her way from the hotel to bathe at Cap d'Antibes

• STANDING • BY...

A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "THE BYSTANDERS"

THE pantomime season has begun, by which we mean not the petite saison hivernale during which pantomimes are staged, but the grande saison estivale in which they are written. Motoring through Shoreham last week-end, in the course of a mad dash along the littoral, we observed two elderly men sitting angrily in a garden. It was our companion who directed our attention to the ancients, who, clad only in shorts, presented a highly zoological appearance. "There," she said, "are the brothers Melville, busy writing their new pantomime for the Lyceum. Every year they begin around this time." That same afternoon, so sunny, with scarce a robin, nary a berry of holly, Julian Wylie must have been seated in his London office, playing tentative little games with his model of the Ball-room for next December's *Cinderella*; while, four hundred miles to the North, the staff of the Princess's Theatre, Glasgow, were drifting back from a two months' holiday, their heads full of trap-doors and Demon Kings. That Princess's Theatre is unique among playhouses. Its annual pantomime runs from Boxing Day far into May, after which the management rents the house to a visiting stock company and sends its entire staff of employées for an eight weeks' holiday on full pay. Only condition of holiday is that it must be spent right away from Glasgow. Preparation for next Christmas begins halfway through September.

TRY to explain pantomime to an American. This is almost impossible; Americans think us pretty crazy, but not as crazy as all that. The English pantomime tradition was born some hundred years back. Pantos then were not pretty fairy tales crammed with topical jokes and popular songs; they began as musical melodramas, through which flitted Columbine, Harlequin, Clown, and Pantaloon, who have since been banished to the Harlequinade, and were originally borrowed

Dorothy Black

Playwright and actress, who made a big hit as Emily Brontë in "The Brontës," at the Royalty Theatre. She is a South African, and her parents trekked to the Rand by ox-wagon among the earliest pioneers. In private life she is Mrs. Ronald Gervers, and claims to be the only actress in the world with four step-children

"What does the book say now, Withers?"

By Goetz

Left: taking her ease in a hammock is Meriel Forbes-Robertson, the nineteen-year-old actress who appeared in "Dinner at Eight," at the Palace Theatre, where she was seen on different occasions in contrasted parts—the Society girl who planned to elope with the film-star and the hard-boiled blonde married to the successful business man

Meriel Forbes-Robertson

In the Sunshine at St. Tropez

Above: Walter Forde and Jack Hulbert proving it possible to do two things at once at Biarritz. They are reading the scenario of a film-story while bathing there

St. Tropez, the little town beloved of artists on the Côte d'Azur, possesses attractions for others besides painters. Stopping at Hotel Latitude 43—which is built like a boat—and seen on the left are the Hon. Mrs. Humphrey Wyndham, Captain Philip Astley, Mr. John Loder and (seated) Mrs. Philip Astley (Madeleine Carroll), and Mr. Christopher Mann

from the Italian comedia dell'arte. What is the Italian comedia dell'arte? Go on with you—*you* use the encyclopædia, for a change!

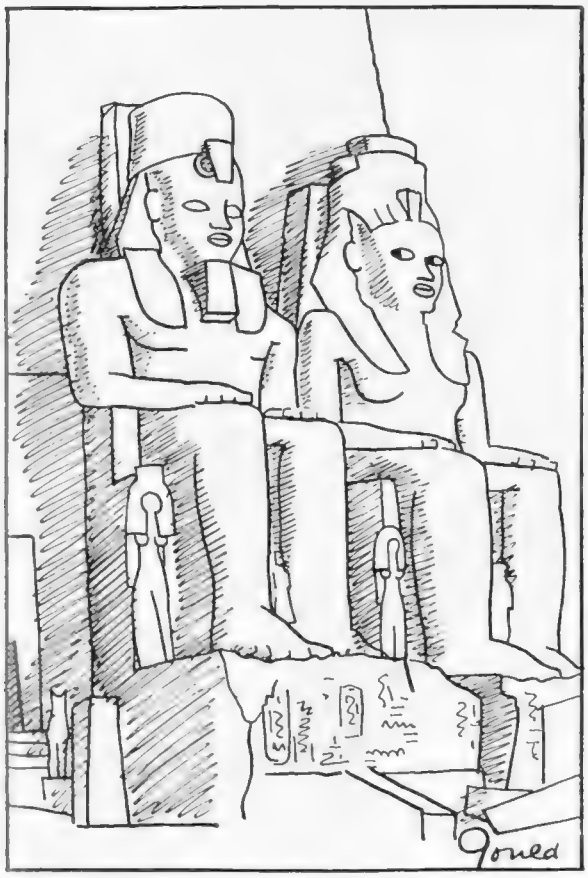
HERMIONE GINGOLD, radio-star, told us once a good story of adventure in pantomime. This lass began her stage career as a child at His Majesty's—and is still one of those who maintain that Cochrans are made by fools like you and me, but only God can make a Tree. La Gingold confesses to having once played Fairy Snowflake, at Penge. The comedians, who appeared in this pantomime as the Brokers' Men, were in financial trouble; never left the theatre, day or night, for fear of writs. In the middle of a matinée, the writ-server, weary of waiting, walked through to the stage and served his papers on the delinquents in full view of the delighted audience. Brokers' men were taken by surprise, being at the moment engaged in evicting Jack the Giant Killer and his mother from the Olde Cottage.

A WEALTHY friend of ours has ambitions to become a film-star. The other day he was delighted to receive a call to Elstree; one of the companies down there needed six young men. Midas, feeling nervous, insisted on his chauffeur accompanying him into the studio. Master and man joined the sixty other young men who were hoping for the six jobs. The chauffeur, capless, and dressed in a neat blue suit, was chosen as one of the lucky ones, and hurried away to the make-up room before his less fortunate employer could protest. What really annoyed our friend was not so much his own failure to make the grade, as the fact that he was left with a whacking great car he didn't even know how to drive.

Aldershot Personalities—No. 10

Colonel E. Hewlett, C.M.G., D.S.O., O.B.E., G.S.I.

ONE of the oddest personalities in Town is Santos Casani. Only half his face is his own; remainder was built up by surgeons, and he 'll tweak it around for you if you find that kind of thing amusing. This phenomenon is due to the persistent attention, some years ago, of a German machine-gunner. The proprietor of Casani's Club, the Casani School of Dancing, and other associated enterprises, is virtually the Dance King of this battered old isle. In teaching circles a Casani certificate is treasured as gilt-edged script is treasured in Lombard Street. This Napoleon with the rubber face and the muscles of a wrestler grooms hundreds of teachers every year; scatters them later to the provinces, there to glorify the name of Casani. The glorification of Casani is a



"You Big Stiff!"

large part of Casani's business. His faith in self-advertisement is unrivalled; leaves even Carl Brisson standing. No one, according to Casani, has a finer car than his own all-blue vehicle, a better hound than his brindled bulldog, Lightning, a rarer brand of eau-de-Cologne than that which he distributes broadcast among the more fortunate ladies of his acquaintance. As he explains the lighting-system, the refrigerators, the ventilation of his dance club in Regent Street, his voice trembles with eager emotion, so that the listener is filled with a certain awe; his pride of possession makes a lovely, almost religious, thing of these faintly commonplace mysteries.

THE Dance King did not begin his career as a dancer. Before the war he was a farmer on the African veldt, and one of the finest horsemen in the Union. He only took up dancing after the Armistice because he was broke and war-wounds made riding impossible. When dancing with women, he says, he thinks only of dancing, never of women—though they make being in his arms an excuse for confiding their unhappy love-lives. Terpsichores of our acquaintance tell us that, though he is almost unrivalled as an exhibition dancer, Casani is no great shakes in a crowded

Warner Baxter and Elissa Landi in an inevitable scene of ardent affection from "I Loved You Wednesday," a Fox film directed for that company by Henry King. Victor Jory and Miriam Jordan are also included in the cast

That "obstinate" stage success, "I Lived With You," by Ivor Novello, has been reproduced on the screen, and above are Ivor Novello, the author-actor, and Ursula Jeans, seen in the Maze at Hampton Court, and repeating in the cinema those same parts which they made so popular on the stage

VIVE LE SPORT!

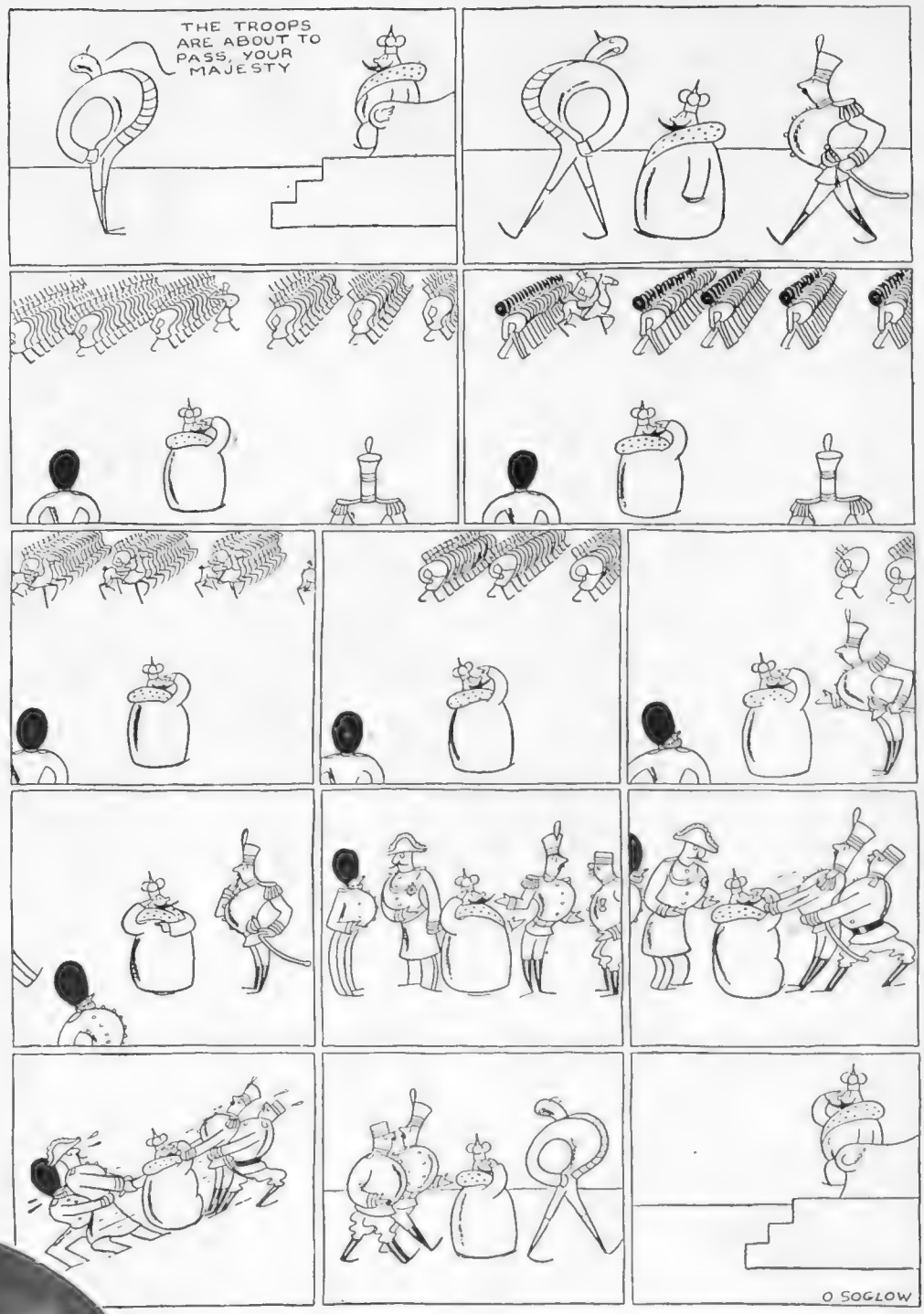
No. 8.—Sir Malcolm Campbell

THOUGH folk you'll find in plenty
Who revel in the pleasure
Of dolce far niente,
Devoting all their leisure
To watching tortoise-races
Or practising their snoring,
Sir Malcolm Campbell, you must know,
Finds such proceedings very slow,
And pastimes lacking pep and go
He owns are frankly boring.

But when he takes the wheel of
Some racing car gigantic
And forthwith starts to reel off
Mile on mile at speeds quite frantic,
He shows no signs of worry,
But looks supremely happy,
For though, for my part, I should bar
A journey in a racing car
That emulates a shooting-star,
HE loves to "make it snappy."

When next we see a Bluebird
Beside the wide Pacific,
Be she an old or new bird,
We hope she'll prove terrific
And break still further records
To glorify that owner
Who loves to prove by word and deed
That when he takes the wheel his creed
Is "Speed, more speed, and yet more speed!"—
The brave Knight of Daytona.

B. W.



Here He Is Again!

ball-room; probably misses the publicity. As an inventor (little-known facet of his genius), Boss Casani has been responsible for a patent cocktail-shaker and a bath that fills itself to a given temperature, then turns itself off; has thought up a Casani Cocktail, too, an ominous green tipple that most bar-men in town will serve if requested. Unlike most egoists, Casani has hundreds of friends, and literally thousands of acquaintances.

Below: Doris Carson, who plays a leading part in Charles B. Cochran's production of "Nymph Errant," which will be first seen at the Opera House, Manchester, next week. After this provincial try-out, "Nymph Errant" will come to the Adelphi, in the Strand

Doris Carson

THE staggering popularity of radio in the United States has led to an outbreak of schools which undertake, in glittering prospectuses, to create budding Kate Smiths, Jack Pearls and Bing Crosbys. This proposition attracts the ambitious "sucker," for enormous money is now paid to broadcasters, certain "acts" selling as high as 3000 dollars per single hour on the air. Most of these radio schools are bogus, their headmasters being, in many instances, former pedlars of phoney stocks who, now the Crisis has thrown them out of work, are concentrating their gift for ballyhoo on the would-be radio-star. The broadcasting companies have replied to this mean swindle with counter-publicity, pointing out that the field for talent is not as fertile as these enthusiastic professors would have it; only one performer out of every five hundred heard at their own auditions secures an engagement to broadcast, while of these only one in a thousand succeeds in making big, or even steady, money. This experience with auditions is shared by our own B.B.C., which announced not long ago that in seven years only one per cent. of applicants had succeeded in passing the preliminary test.. THE BYSTANDERS.

Right: Miss Averil and Miss Rosemary Streatfeild are the daughters of Col. H. S. J. Streatfeild, D.S.O., who is a cousin of the Earl of Lichfield, and Mrs. Streatfeild; they are twenty-two and twenty respectively. Their handsome but rather disdainful-looking dog is called Boxer

Below, left: Miss June O'Malley-Keyes is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. O'Malley-Keyes, of Castel-Meretmont, Biarritz, and Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes. She is a last year's débutante

Below, right: a new portrait of the Hon. Moya Beresford, Lord Decies' younger daughter, who is twenty. Her mother, who was a daughter of the late Mr. George Jay Gould, died two years ago. Miss Beresford has been acting as hostess to her father, and is as popular as she is capable

Lenare

Miss Averil and Miss Rosemary Streatfeild

Young and Decorative

Four Ex-Débutantes Who Qualify

Elwin Neame

Miss June O'Malley-Keyes

Claude Harris

The Hon. Moya Beresford

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 14

Capt. Buckmaster

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes

"BUCK" is one of the shyest and most sensitive men I know. That may have something to do with the fact that he has been the only person to start a successful new social man's club since the war. It is true that its "mixed" sister, "Master's," was a failure, despite the thousands of "darlings" which gushed from the lips of the lady members. But "Buck's" Club is the most popular club for men between the ages of thirty and fifty in London. The Duke of Gloucester seems to be there very frequently. Other members of the Royal Family also use it. And at Ascot, the club tent always gives you the best food of the lot.

"Buck" is small and smooth-skinned. He is a voluminous correspondent, always preferring to write notes rather than to telephone. He uses green ink and has a curious small handwriting, rather like Bernard Shaw's.

"Buck," as the youngest son of a clergyman, did not discover for years that a roast chicken had anything but a neck. Perhaps that explains the excellence of the food at his club. Born in 1881, he went straight to the Boer War from school, and after getting malaria he returned to England and became a pupil on a farm near Nottingham. Then an uncle left him some money, and he started to follow the horses. But he took the knock, and in order to pay off his losses to Ladbroke's, he asked permission to join the firm. This he did. A little later, in May 1907, he saw Gladys Cooper for the first time. It was at the Carlton Hotel, and she was eighteen. Shortly afterwards he was introduced to her at Romano's, and they were married a year later. After the war came the divorce, and in March 1920, "Buck" backed himself to walk to Brighton from Westminster Bridge without any preparation. He did it in thirteen hours, twenty-six minutes.

YES, "Buck" is a surprising man. He has always been intensely interested in boxing, and put off his wedding to Nellie Taylor for a day in order to be present at the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. In 1930 he walked the three hundred miles from London to Land's End in ten consecutive days. To this day he has a scar on his chin as a result of a street fight in which he found himself involved outside a night-club twenty years ago.

In his reminiscences just published he tells how he gave up what turned out to be a quarter of a million pounds—that was when his friends asked him not to introduce greyhound racing into this country as it might hurt the interests of coursing. His refusal of this chance offered by Charlie Munn made General Critchley's fortune.

"Buck" will always be remembered for starting Nellie Taylor's flower-shop. No shop has ever had such lovely assistants—Leila Reynolds, Gladys Sammut, Margaret Tracy Simpson, Eileen Handley, Essex and Valerie French, and Bunting Stephenson. All except two of them have since made successful marriages.

Both of "Buck's" own marriages ended in tragedy—the first with the divorce, and the second with the death, at the early age of thirty-six, of Nellie Taylor.

The Camera looks at Judy Gunn

Two camera-studies by John Everard of Judy Gunn, the young actress who made a name for herself in "He Wanted Adventure," which enjoyed a successful run at the Saville Theatre. Now that the play has been withdrawn, Judy Gunn will step across the world to Hollywood, where she has been asked to go this autumn to take a similar part in a film

Above: Mrs. D. D. Stuart, wife of the gentleman rider, and Mr. David Harrison, the Tenby trainer and Hon. Sec. of the Meeting. In oval, right: Mrs. Somerset and Mr. J. D. Hughes-Morgan

Lady Meyrick, the wife of Sir Thomas Meyrick, and Lady Merthyr, whose husband, Lord Merthyr, succeeded to the title last year

Above: the Hon. John Coventry, brother of the Earl of Coventry, and Lord and Lady Kylsant

Left: Lady Sybil Phipps, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, and Captain Miles Thompson

Miss Dorothy Davies Evans and Mr. Patrick Groves look somewhat amused

Cymric Steeplechasing

The Tenby Hunt Meeting

Above: Colonel Birch, Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Bert Gordon, and Mrs. Birch kindly oblige the photographer

Right: Major Morgan Jones and Mrs. Roger Lloyd

Miss Carden, Lady Essex and her son, Mr. Scott-Brown

Left: Major and Mrs. Saurin and Mr. Sackville Owen

Sir John Grey, Bt., and the Hon. Mrs. Basil Mundy take things more seriously

Mrs. Sackville Owen and Major Underwood seen in the paddock

Miss Dorothy Davies Evans and the Earl of Essex confer

Lady Sibell Lygon, daughter of Earl Beauchamp

Another War Film

"I Was a Spy"

A Gaumont-British Picture at the Tivoli

Left: Madeleine Carroll, as Martha Cnockhaert, the Belgian who nursed the wounded and, in hospital and in her father's café, was able to get news which, when transmitted to the Allies, was of incalculable benefit to them. She is seen on the left arrested for espionage

Above: Stephan (Herbert Marshall), a conscripted hospital-orderly from Alsace, who hates the Germans, with whom Martha (Madeleine Carroll) joined forces in order to secure information

Left: the Town Commandant (Conrad Veidt), who falls in love with Martha and induces her to spend a week-end with him in Brussels. She sacrifices herself for love of country, and it is there that, suspicions being raised, she is arrested

Mark Hambourg at the Piano *Tunbridge*

Music and all That . . .

Too Much Brahms

By "Melos"

The famous pianist, Mark Hambourg, who, at the conclusion of a tour lately taken in the East was seriously ill. He has now completely recovered, and is planning many recitals in the autumn. When not playing the piano he likes to play contract bridge, and throughout the rubber he strikes a fortissimo note

THIS is a period of the year when music in London is unadorned. It is free from social complications: those who make use of it for quaint reasons of their own are elsewhere—possibly listening to music abroad, but probably not. There is no opera. Private concerts of impeccable exclusiveness are in abeyance. Only the solid roast beef, in the form of the "Proms," remains.

I am not following the familiar course of declaring that all those who go to the opera in the more expensive seats do so for snobbish reasons solely, or even at all; there is no reason why people with money or culture, or both, should not be fond of music, and there is a complacency and priggishness, so typical of a certain political persuasion, in assuming that they cannot possibly be, and that musical appreciation is the exclusive property of the hard-up. There should be nothing but praise for musical gatherings in ducal drawing-rooms, even if the ducal drawing-room happens to be a more powerful magnet than the music. After all, musicians in the eighteenth century would have had a thin time of it without ducal patronage.

BUT that which stamps a nation as musical is mass support. Crowded audiences at the Queen's Hall on the hottest of nights. The sale in vast numbers of gramophone records of the masterpieces. Enormous choirs to sing in oratorios. The Royal Choral Society has come in for some criticism—most of it undeserved; but I never see those tiers of be-sashed sopranos and contraltos, with basses and tenors in positive platoons in support of them, yelping the "Hallelujah" chorus or fighting for buns and coffee in the Victorian tunnels of the Albert Hall, without a feeling of gratitude and satisfaction. For it is hard work, and they do it for the love of the thing. "I get nothing out of it," said Tom Pinch of his organ-playing. "That is to say, I get a great deal of pleasure out of it." And these are not the music-makers, or the music-lovers, who get their pictures into the papers.

I ATTENDED the last all-Brahms concert at the Queen's Hall the other night, and "got a great deal of pleasure out of it." At the same time, with due deference to the 100-per-cent. Brahmins, I think such programmes are a mistake. All-Wagner, all-Bach, all-Beethoven; but all-Brahms—no. That is not only because Brahms, albeit a mighty man, is not quite out of the same stable as the other three. It is because of the sameness of his orchestration. The Brahmsian orchestral flavour is highly characteristic and not unpleasant. But after one symphony, or one concerto, it begins to cloy; it is so lacking in colour and variety, and so grey.

ON this occasion, we had a symphony (the Fourth), the Double Concerto, and the "St. Anthony" Variations. Phew! The concerto was played by Miss Isolde Menges and by Signor Antoni Sala, who added some Latin colour on his own account by playing some of his themes as if they were Puccini melodies sung by an Italian tenor. He is, none the less, a superb player.

Still—and this is what is going to start the flow of abusive letters, for people always lose their tempers over music, and the more they love it the more angry they get—I venture to think that the only course with Brahms is to play him in small doses, or to re-score him. A Brahms symphony re-scored by Elgar would probably give the heebie-jeebies to the purists. To listen to it would be a magnificent thing. But, then, it would not be Brahms.

AMID the discussions of what will happen to, or at, Covent Garden, and of how the new Robert Parker-Greenlees Opera Company will thrive, the Old Vic-Sadler's Wells people continue steadily to give us the best in music with somewhat limited resources. These resources would be rid of their limitations could the funds of the Imperial League of Opera be added to them. That, however, is neither feasible nor legal. However, the I.L.O. have been able to spare Sir Thomas Beecham, who will conduct the opening performance of *La Bohème* at Sadler's Wells shortly. This is one of the operas that is mighty pleasant to hear at this theatre, which is not too big for it; and an attic and a couple of simple street-scenes are not beyond the scenic capacity. But, frankly, I am not enamoured of Wagner in the Waterloo Road. And it is surely inadvisable for Mr. Parker to take *The Ring* on tour, for precisely the same reasons.

THE Old Vic-Sadler's Wells crowd are to be congratulated on including in their repertory the first production in this country of Rimsky-Korsakoff's opera *Tsar Saltan*—a charming and characteristic work. They tackled Russian opera, the untrodden paths of it, too, at the "Wells" last season, with considerable success, and earned the unqualified approval of Albert Coates, who knows more about this subject than most people, and who, Soviet or no Soviet, continues to conduct opera and symphonies in Russia.

It is rather remarkable that, although we are great experts, most of us, on Russian ballet, simply won't let the company at the Alhambra depart, and discourse learnedly on the technique of Riabouchinska as compared with that of Danilova (adorable creatures, both of them!), Russian opera, beyond *Boris Godounoff* is to a large extent a sealed book. Hitherto, however, it has been rather poorly supported.

CONGRATULATIONS to Sir Hamilton Harty on being selected to receive the Gold Medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society. He has done fine work as a conductor on both sides of the Atlantic, and he has the courage of his opinions and preferences. He is, indeed, a doughty champion of Berlioz, and that has never been a popular cause.

Westminste

Round the Constit

By

"BIG BEN" on Tour

IT is a happy chance that most foreigners coming to England for the first time should travel to London through the fair land of Kent. The white cliffs of Dover are all very well. They have been praised often enough, and there is no more to be said about them, except that the town of Dover hardly seems to do them justice. But it is as your Frenchman or your German looks out through the windows of his carriage at the hop-fields and the orchards and the plough-lands of Kent that he realises that he is gazing at last at the country which is England.

KENT may, perhaps, lack some of the grandeur of the West and the North, but it is truly England. It has that compactness and that smugness which the foreigner marvels at. It seems always to be sunny and a little sleepy. And gradually the country merges into the suburbs and, almost before we know we 've left the countryside, we are across the Thames and into Victoria.

KENT, in herself, offers all the attractions that England, as a whole, has made her own. At Canterbury there is a cathedral which is still a place of pilgrimage ; and there is a cricket week, the fame of which has spread beyond the Seven Seas, coupled with that other typically English production, amateur theatricals. At Whitstable there is delight for the epicures ; at Rochester a hotel where Mr. Pickwick dined. Maidstone has memories of Disraeli ; and there are Margate and Folkestone and Sandwich to provide the seaside to suit the varied tastes of the three great British classes. Walmer and Deal have their castles—Liberal strongholds, by the way, Lords Beauchamp and Reading in possession, though rumour gives Walmer, in the near future, to Sir John Simon. There is

miraculous Knole, which we may wander around, and Leeds, which we may stare at merely from a distance.

AND what a tradition of service Kent's Members of Parliament have handed on during the last quarter of a century ! Lord Forster, a Governor-General of Australia ; Sir William Hart Dyke, who sat for forty years for one Kent seat or another ; the first Lord Chilston, Lord Cushenden, Sir John Gorst, George Wyndham, Lord Bessborough, the Governor-General of Canada ; the present Lord Londonderry (how many people remember he used to sit for Maidstone ?), and the present Lord Salisbury. The list is almost overwhelming.

THE men who are in their places to-day are as representative a collection as may be found anywhere : a barrister, a farmer, two stockbrokers, a company director, an accountant, a newspaper owner, an architect, a Cabinet Minister and ex-sailor, an ex-Life Guardsman, a millionaire, a Java merchant, a King's Messenger, and the Chairman of the R.S.P.C.A.

MAIDSTONE must come first on our voyage of discovery, for it is the capital of the county, and, to its eternal satisfaction, it had the good sense to send the despised and defeated Disraeli to Parliament. For a time, Lord Cornwallis sat for his home seat. His family once owned Leeds Castle, where now reigns Lady Bailey, whose political interests are vested for the moment in Linlithgowshire. Here there was Lord Londonderry, serving his apprenticeship, and then Commander Bellairs, faithful Member and friend for fifteen years.

MR. BOSSOM took over from him. An architect who made a fortune in the United States, he came back after the war and, by his political and artistic activities, soon carved à place for himself in London Society. Then he fought a good fight at Central Hackney in 1929. He is a small man, always busy, invariably in a hurry, never hot. He gives one the impression of importance. His life is varied, for he is an Alderman of the L.C.C. ; he takes an interest in some of the more obscure North European countries, and he patronises Epstein. He lives next door to the Carlton Club, to which his garden is something of a Naboth's vineyard.

KENT'S Cabinet Minister, Sir Edward Hilton Young, was once a Liberal, but he made his reputation during the days of the Coalition, when, for one year, he was Financial Secretary to the Treasury. When he went over to the Conservatives in 1926 they did not give him office, but they made him a G.B.E. and found him a safe seat at Sevenoaks. He would have had little chance fighting Norwich again under changed colours. He was marked out for preferment, and Mr. MacDonald made him Minister of Health. His admirers thought he should be Chancellor of the Exchequer. He has been Financial Editor of the *Morning Post*, Assistant Editor of the *Economist*, and Editor of the *Financial News* ; and Mr. Baldwin has said that all that he ever knew of finance he learnt from his book on the subject, which has become a classic.

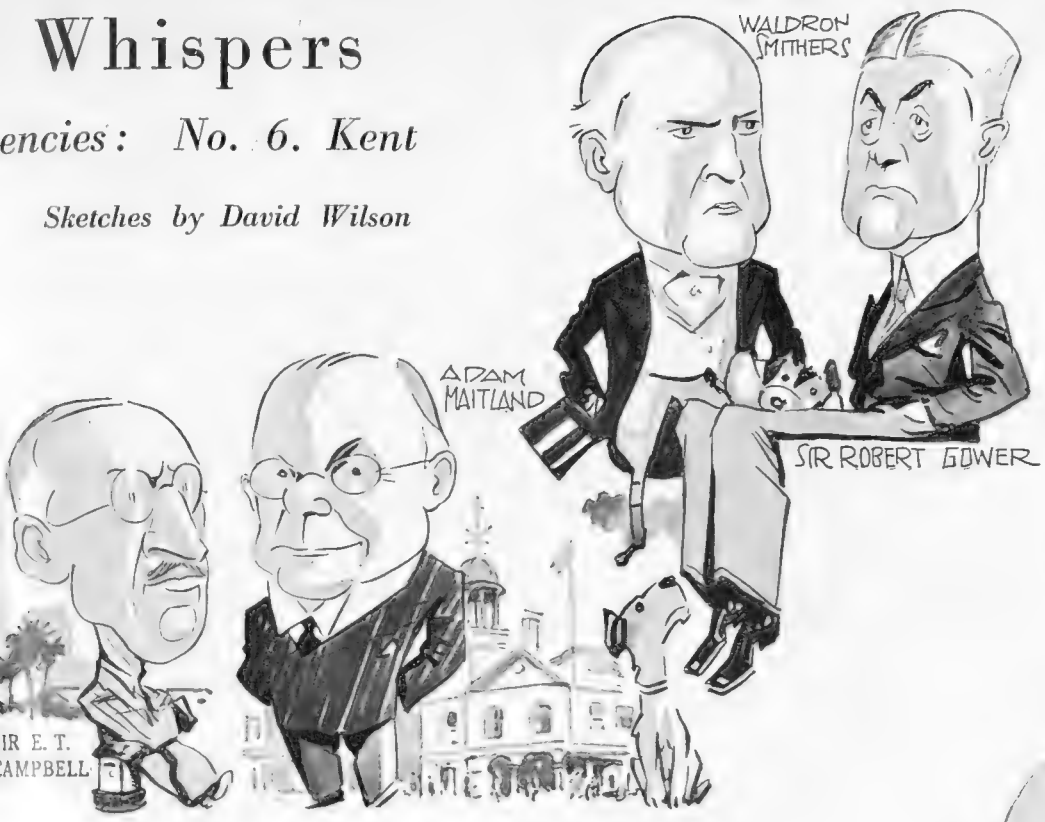
SIR EDWARD is a chess-player who dislikes the knights and would like to see them abolished. Perhaps their movements are too unorthodox for him ? His orthodoxy is his most prominent characteristic, and the one for which he finds himself most criticised. Yet, on occasion, he can speak his own mind, and will, without fear of the consequences ; as when he said " Lord Beaverbrook is very wrong to attack the Conservative Party. It is foolish and unwise ; but he is an enthusiast, and one does not expect enthusiasts always to be wise. But I have no use for Lord Rothermere or for his papers. He is entitled to no consideration from the Conservative Party."

THE doyen of the Kent Members is Colonel Spender Clay, who has been sitting for the Tonbridge Division since 1910. He lives on his family estate in Surrey, but he married a lady of Kent, the first Lord Astor's daughter, from Hever. He is of the type of Member who has made the British Parliament the envy of the world. It is the sense of public duty which compels such a man

Whispers

...encies: No. 6. Kent

Sketches by David Wilson



to go to Westminster and keeps him there, year after year, with little reward or personal satisfaction.

At the opposite end of the scale of seniority is Mr. Spens, who was elected for Ashford only last March, when Lord Brabourne, Governor-designate of Bombay, succeeded to the peerage. Mr. Spens, like Lord Brabourne, is a man of Kent; he lives near Broadstairs, and it was a surprise to many that his majority was under five thousand. Mr. Kedward, his Independent Liberal opponent, the anti-tithe champion, scraped into Ashford in 1929, but it is a traditionally Conservative seat, and Mr. Spens should keep it from now on, although it was an unexpected disaster when he fought South-West St. Pancras in 1929 and lost.

Broadstairs, Margate, and Ramsgate are all in the Isle of Thanet Division, represented by Captain Harold Balfour. He started life by going to Osborne, then became a soldier, and later was in the Air Force. Aviation remains one of his chief interests, and the subject on which he makes his best speeches in the House of Commons. Recently he has been speaking more often. His constituents appreciate it. They once had Mr. Esmond Harmsworth as their Member. Captain Balfour is a young man, too, but I don't think he means to drop out of politics. Preferment may come to him one day.

Next door, at Dover, is Major Astor, who lives at Hever and who owns the *Times*. He was the presiding genius behind the Advertising Exhibition of the other day. He is—though that has nothing to do with it—brother-in-law of Lady Astor. Major Astor once got into trouble for voting without having taken the oath, and was unseated, but his constituents sent him back to Westminster again, and they will continue to do so as long as he wants them to, though politics is by no means his first and only love.

Farther along the coast, at Hythe, there is Sir Philip Sassoon, who, it is almost unbelievable, has been in Parliament since 1912, and is now only forty-five. His munificence is proverbial; his house at Lympne a port of call for aeroplanes and Prime Ministers. His reputation was made with Mr. Lloyd George, but it was Mr. Baldwin who gave him office. He is the confirmed bachelor, and, aptly, his opponents in 1929 and 1931 were women, and he routed them utterly.

Mr. Irving Albery, who sits for Gravesend, is a stockbroker who lives in the county. His father was a playwright; his wife was the daughter of Henry Arthur Jones. He himself won Gravesend in dramatic fashion in 1924, and has kept it ever since. Mr. Waldron Smithers is another member of the Stock Exchange. He takes his duties as M.P. for Chislehurst very seriously, producing at regular intervals pamphlets on the current problems of the day explained in simple language. War Debts, Inflation, the Economic Conference—Mr. Smithers takes them in his stride, and further copies may always be obtained from his publishers, the *Kentish Times*. He has a passion for quotations, italics, and loyalty, which is to be expected from the author of "Stanley Boy," a lyrical ditty in adulation of Mr. Baldwin, set to American music. Mr. Smithers showed himself at his best when his Party was in Opposition.

The four knights of Kent are Sir William Wayland, Sir E. T. Campbell, Sir Robert Gower, and Sir Park Goff. Sir E. T. Campbell joined the trio only last June. He sits for Bromley, where he succeeded Colonel Cuthbert James, in a famous by-election in which the short-lived United Empire Party became notorious. In 1931 he had a majority of thirty-seven thousand. He is the cricket "fan" of the House, is Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Kingsley Wood, whom he overtops by a few feet, and is the brother of the V.C. Admiral who turned Mr. Henderson out of Burnley with the aphorism of "giving politics a kick in the pants."

Rochester, Chatham, and Gillingham have the two G's. Sir Robert Gower is very much a Kent man. He lives at Tunbridge Wells, where his father lived before him, and he is a Freeman of the Borough. The outside world knows him for his work for dumb animals. He used to sit for Central Hackney, but as soon as Sir Gerald Hohler, who sat first for Chatham and then for Gillingham from 1910 to 1929, gave up, Sir Robert came home to his own county.

Sir Park Goff has spent most of his political life in Yorkshire, in the Cleveland division, where he was twice defeated and three times victorious. He did not stay to fight again after his defeat in 1929, but came south to Chatham, which Colonel Moore Brabazon, after his first defeat for eleven years, had left for Wallasey. Sir Park went to the Bar in 1896; he took silk in 1925; but he has made his life out of various activities.

The accountant in the division is Mr. Adam Maitland; the company director Mr. Clarke, who had the exhilarating experience of turning Mr. Jack Mills out of the safe Socialist seat of Dartford; the farmer is Sir William Wayland, who followed that giant, Mr. Ronald McNeill, at Canterbury.

Next Week:

ESSEX

The Passing Picture Show: By Sydney Tremayne

"Adorable"

EITHER you do or you do not succumb to the charm of Janet Gaynor and her extremely accomplished naïveté. There are complaints that they have changed her, in *Adorable*, from a waif into a Royal Lady, but, there is no more change, or no more than that effected by a wave of the wand by the Fairy Godmother in Cinderella.

Right: Lester Matthews, Claude Hulbert, Bébé Daniels, and Frederick Lloyd in a scene from "The Song You Gave Me." Bébe is here seen as Mitzi, a musical-comedy star, who has just been insulted while singing a new number

"The Song You Gave Me"

"My Lips Betray"

Above: Lilian Harvey and John Boles, as an unknown Royal lover, in a scene from "My Lips Betray," a Fox film musical romance screened at the Tivoli

Right: another Fox film, "Adorable," presented at the New Gallery, showing Henri Garat and Janet Gaynor doing their very utmost to live up to the title

"Adorable"

Even if you did not see *Her Highness Commands*, the plot of *Adorable* will not hold many surprises, and if you happen to remember the earlier film, played in French by Lillian Harvey and Henri Garat, you will be deprived of anticipation in many of the actual scenes and circumstances.

But no one goes to see a Gaynor picture expecting astonishment. They go to be beguiled by her winsome ways. In this film she is as "sweet" as ever and a little more skittish. Henri Garat is an attraction. You remember him as the errant, unhistorical Czar, and his double, in *Congress Dances*? In *Adorable* he sings several tuneful ditties with an amativeness equal to, but more "innocent" than, Chevalier's, and is an adequate batt to Janet's biff of girlish sentiment.

The story concerns the love of a Princess for a commoner. Of course, the handsome young officer, so constantly and mysteriously promoted, does not know that his charming lady is a Princess. In these "Ruritanian" countries the proletariat is singularly unfamiliar with the appearance of their Royal Family!

"My Lips Betray"

JUST to supply the necessary touch of novelty, we have here a story concerning the love of a king for a struggling cabaret artist. She does not, of course, know that the handsome young officer is the King! And so on! This is Lillian Harvey's first Hollywood film. Her methods and manner, lightness of step and brightness of smile, are almost as unalterable as Gaynor's wistfulness. Hollywood has, wisely, not attempted to revise her. John Boles supplies the royal romance, and El Brendel, who won fame with a "horse laugh" in *The Cock-Eyed World*, is a comic chauffeur.

"The Song You Gave Me"

THIS picture will have given place to George Arliss's latest, *The Working Man*, at the Regal, Marble Arch, by the time this is published, but if opportunity occurs it should be seen. An excellent production, with Bébé Daniels very attractive and competent in the part of a temperamental actress wooing by devious and feminine methods a young man who has openly expressed contempt for her. Victor Varconi is the victim—a different part from that of Nelson in *The Divine Lady*, but he shows versatility and charm.

Musical Successes

"BITTER SWEET" continues its run at the Carlton, and *42nd Street* is now generally released. These are the two best musical shows of the year, one American and the other English, and they are an interesting contrast. It is significant that Noel Coward's plays have a way of becoming contemporary classics and of inspiring producers and artists to put their very best into work connected with them. And how well they transfer from stage to screen!

"Two Lives"

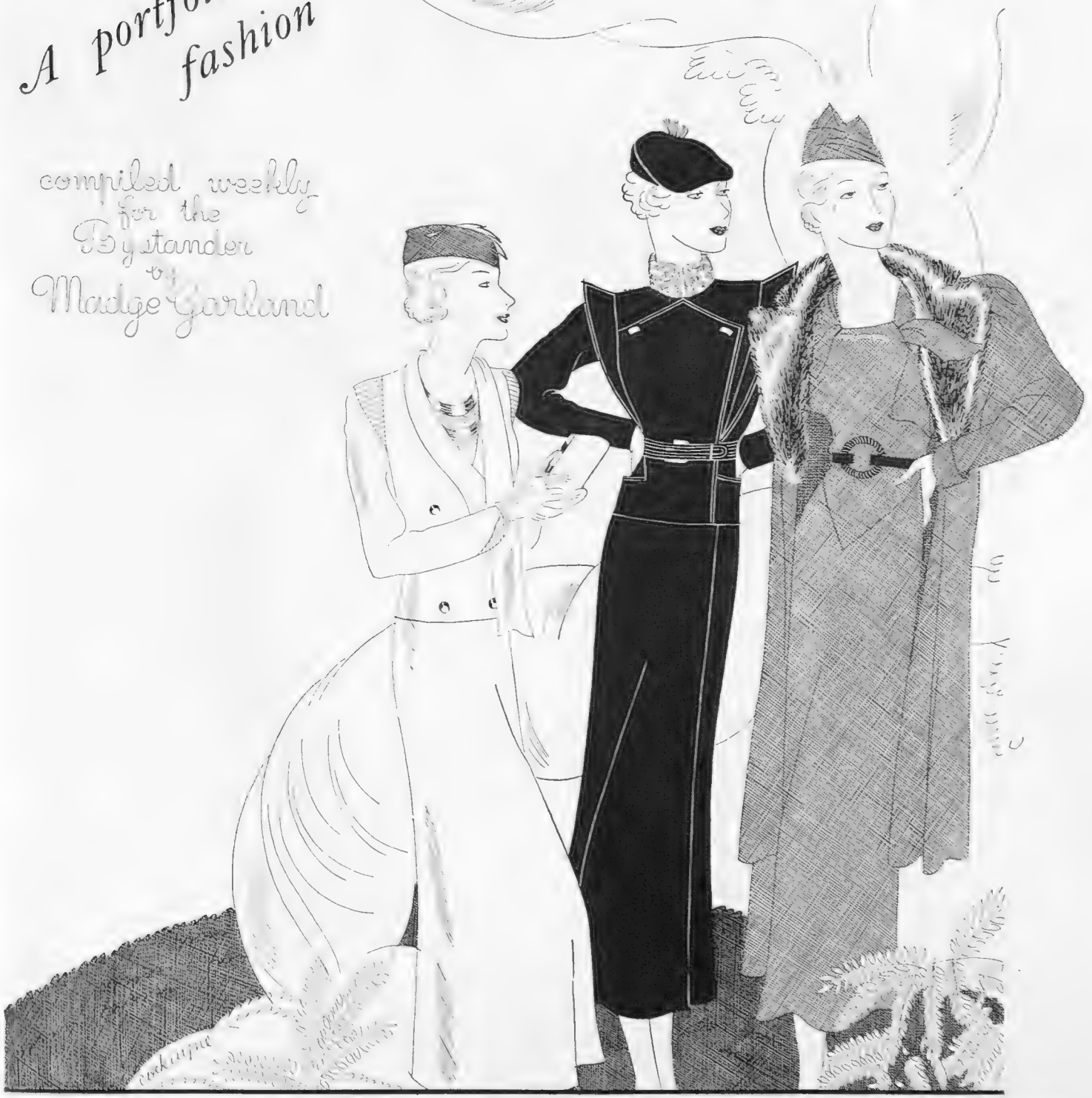
THIS film, at the Cinema House, Oxford Street, is a departure from the light and bright motif which predominates in the holiday season. It is a German film with Gustav Frolich and Charlotte Susa in the chief parts, and depicts the mental and moral struggle of a man "forced by family tradition to become a monk, whilst he craves for the world and the woman he loves." It does not seem a very general problem and, as such, fails to excite any very personal sympathy. Frolich is always earnest; a little too earnest at times. The really excellent photography of mountain scenery is the picture's best claim to distinction.

"Damaged Lives"

A DOSE of gloom at the Coliseum; is a propaganda film on "the wages of sin" theme, and is claimed to have real educational value. If you are supremely ignorant or supremely curious, you might be able to sit through this exposition of a young man and wife brought to the brink of suicide as the result of one "fatal lapse" on his part, but rescued by a doctor's assurance of the possibility of a cure. The pictures of terribly diseased people may prove a salutary warning to those who need such ocular demonstrations, but the sophisticated could derive nothing, and as a film, *Damaged Lives* is poor, amateurish, and tedious.

A portfolio of fashion

compiled weekly for the Bystander by Madge Garland



TOBACCO brown is the attractive shade chosen for this Bernard suit from Debenham & Freebody. It has a scarf collar and pleated sections are let into the shoulders and cuffs

THE high neck-line, with a stand-up collar of grey lamb and the dashingly trim military cut, are all characteristics in favour of this suit of blue bouttalaine from Marshall & Snelgrove

THE new one-colour theme, a feature of the autumn mode, is pleasingly exemplified in this blue-grey ensemble from Marshall & Snelgrove, with its fur collar of baby seal dyed to the same shade

Sherovski

Left Hand Page:

"Pekins Burrafyl," a new woollen material woven in horizontal stripes. Rodier

A check design in "Pointilap," a mixture of wool and rabbit. Rodier

"Flamilap," a woollen material interwoven with a spot design in metal. Rodier

Right Hand Page:

"Marocain Metal," a silk marocain with a delicate pattern of ferns woven in metal. Ducharne

"Velours Rayure Epingle Cloque," one of the new velvet designs woven on to a silk background. Ducharne

"Printed Crepon," a crinkled artificial silk material in a bold and effective design in black and white. Celanese

Lionel Munn (Royal Cinque Ports), winner of the competition, with J. G. Hanson-Lawson (North Foreland)

Le Comte d'Haramburc (Chantilly) talking to P. Barry (Royal Cinque Ports), who beat G. Grant Govan

G. O. Dunsmore (Wanstead) going to the second tee with E. Bawn (St. Augustine's), whom he beat by one hole

The Borough of Deal Challenge Cup

Players at the Royal Cinque Ports Club

Right: R. Swift and Colonel H. D. Buchanan - Dunlop, both of Royal Cinque Ports. The latter (one up) won

Below: W. O. Newcombe (Bedfordshire), a first-round winner, and H. D. Gough (Bedfordshire), a first-round loser

J. K. Peppercorn (North Foreland) and A. H. Sykes (Huddersfield), who was beaten by the former 3 and 1

Above: G. Grant Govan (Royal Wimbledon), R. C. F. Rickett (Banstead Downs), and G. E. Grant Govan (Royal Wimbledon), who beat Rickett 3 and 2

Left: Dr. H. E. Blake (Sonning) who defeated his opponent, P. T. S. Brook (Canterbury) by 3 and 2

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

A Fine Short-Story Writer: By A. G. Macdonell

Any publication by Mr. Bernard Shaw is of importance, even if it is only a sixty-page lecture which he delivered in the United States. Mr. Shaw is seventy-seven, but the passage of years does not lessen his energy or his gusto or his strange clarity of vision. He is mellower than he once was, and more urbane. But he has lost none of his burning hatred of stupidity and folly, and this lecture is on the subject of the stupidity and folly of our rulers. Ostensibly, it is a polite but devastating attack on the Hundred-per-cent. American; actually it is an attack on the Hundred-per-cent. Nationalist, whether he is a Briton, a Nazi, a Japanese, or anything else. *The Political Madhouse in America and Nearer Home* (Constable; One florin) is the title of this profound essay in human insanity. It opens with a delicious rending of the American Constitution, which enshrines the principle of Anarchy. The Constitution enables the American citizen to triumph over the ordinary elements of law and order, just as the huge influence of Hollywood encourages the American citizen to substitute the "sock on the jaw" for the appeal to the organised forces of the police.

Mr. Shaw goes on to praise the common sense of the old Mormons, who saw in polygamy, not an opportunity for some fun, but their only chance of increasing their numbers and saving themselves in a hostile world; he inveighs vigorously against the banks; he points out that Republican America got something back for all the money it spent in the War, in that three great Empires fell and were replaced by Republics; and he applauds the Americans for having put the Soviet on its feet by lending it expert engineers. This last piece of applause is one that most Americans might feel able to dispense with.

Miss Edna Ferber's short stories, in a book called by the somewhat infelicitous title *They Brought Their Women* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), are in the classic mould of this extremely difficult art. The technique is reminiscent of the polished economy of Mr. Somerset Maugham. Every word is in place. Every word has its job, and there are no walkers-on. But Miss Ferber has more than mere polish. She can describe a hard, brilliant, beautiful, American woman, and then suddenly throw in a touch of human nature which brings the whole story to life. In *Fräulein*, for example, there is a witty, cynical description of a society home in New York, and then there is a twist and the tale becomes completely human. The German nurse drops her efficient nursery manner, and becomes the lovable "hausfrau."

Miss Ferber is a great deal more than a technician. In *Hey! Taxi!* she reaches the level of O. Henry, and that is high praise. Ernie, the taxi-driver, spends a busy Saturday night, and in his cab you ride up and down O. Henry's New York, which he called so lovingly Little Bagdad-upon-the-Subway, and you see the blazing lights, and smell the garlic sausages, and ogle the fancy girls, and try not to get robbed, and eat "baked breast of lamb with peas and cauliflower and potatoes."

Then Miss Ferber abandons the Bagdad-upon-the-Subway style, and gives us a story of a spoilt American girl who falls in love with a Frenchman who kisses her hand in exactly the sort of way that every girl longs to have her hand kissed. She marries him and settles down in France, and visits her relations from time to time, and the result is a fascinating contrast between France and America. And I rather think that a good deal of the fascination lies in Miss Ferber's concentration of effect. In *No Foolin'*, she makes a sentence do the work of a page, just as surely as De Maupassant ever did. I am not saying that she is quite as good as De Maupassant. But she is as skilful in her knowledge of what not to say. And when it comes to short, vivid, painted descriptions of people, of landscapes, of kaleidoscopes, you have only to read Miss Ferber's story about the train journey through Mexico, to realise her power over words.

J. B. Priestley, whose new book, "Wonder Hero," has lately been published, seen in his modernised study at his sixteenth-century country house, Billingham Manor, in the Isle of Wight. The house boasts of three ghosts in the spiritual and not the literary sense

It is a natural step from Bagdad-upon-the-Subway to the other, earlier one upon the Tigris. That Bagdad, most romantic of cities (only rivalled by Samarkand and Merv and Bokhara, and about twenty more), will live for ever, not in its ruined walls, but in its Arabian Nights. Scheherezade and Ali Baba and Aladdin are immortal, and their immortality is circled round the Caliph Harun-al-Rashid, Commander of the Faithful, the Magnificent. Harun! The fame of the man is eternal, but Mr. H. St. John Philby has done his best to blanket it dismally down. For he has written a book, *Harun-al-Rashid* (Peter Davies; 5*s.*), in which scholarship has killed romance, and pedantry has played hell with picturesqueness. I seized it, expecting great masses of colour, and enormous campaigns, and exciting descriptions of the everlasting desert. No man admires Mr. Philby more than I do for his great work in Arabia. He will stand as one of the important Orientalist figures, with Doughty and Burton and Lawrence. This book may be scholarly, learned, and what not. But it isn't readable, and that is my complaint about it.

Mrs. Agatha Christie is one of our most persistent writers of detective-fiction. And she does it very well. There are few writers of this contemporary class of novel-writing who have so perfectly mastered the rules of the game. Mrs. Christie does not play absolutely fair with the reader—but then, what detective-author does?—but she plays about ninety per cent. fair. In *Lord Edgware Dies* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*) Mrs. Christie takes her ancient problem: the rich, horrible, titled man, found dead in his library. Who did it? And so on, and so on. Mrs. Christie is a wizard when it comes to confusing issues, suggesting false trails, suggesting transparently obvious trails, and fixing it finally in the end. The hero of *Lord Edgware Dies* is our old friend, M. Hercule Poirot. I am enchanted at his reappearance. But surely it is a mistake to emphasise his superbly luxuriant moustaches, and to publish a picture of Mr. Charles Laughton, as M. Poirot, in a state of comparative clean-shaven-ness!

Holiday Golf

Above: Lady Eddis (Aldeburgh) and Miss Joy Winn (Aldeburgh), who won the bogey foursomes competition with a return of one down at the Ladies' Open Meeting at the Naze Golf Club. Miss Winn was second with a score of 79 in the scratch prize

Sir James Walker, son of the late Sir Robert Walker, Bart., with his mother, Lady Jaffray, wife of Sir William Jaffray, Bart., at North Berwick

Miss Nancy Van Zwanenberg in a tight corner with her ball 6 inches from the wall at the Naze Golf Club, at Walton-on-Naze. A shot played to rebound from the wall solved her difficulty

A North Berwick Foursome: Mr. Serge Michel, Miss Ursula Horlick, Miss Lulu Esmond, and Baron Carl von Thüna. These links are always popular but this year even more so

At the Naze Golf Club again: Miss Kathleen Garnham (Champion of France), and Mrs. Harold Gilligan, wife of the well-known cricketer. Miss Garnham won the scratch prize with a round of 75

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Bits and Pieces

DEAR BYSTANDER,

Do you know what it feels like to come back from a holiday which has absorbed all your energies and interests in one direction, and find yourself flung suddenly into the midst of a whole lot of other ones? That is what most of us go through at this time of year, and it is a bit bewildering. I myself feel all of a maze—a condition added to by having arisen long before dawn this morning to watch the Vine bustling fox-cubs round the coverts at Silchester, an enterprise which bids me now go and doze peacefully under the nearest shady tree. Instead of which, you and I must explore the news of the golfing world. It 's a busy life.

Since what 's to come is always more exciting than what has passed, suppose we begin on the Girls' Championship. Don't forget to remind any young friends of yours that 1933 is going to be something extra special in the way of quality—possibly quantity, too, though one cannot be sure of that till entries actually close. Whether Miss Pauline Doran means to defend her thrice-won title or not is still wrapt in mystery, though everybody is hoping that she will. But whatever she may do, there should be some high-class golf, for fourteen of last year's entrants have entered already, including Miss Aline de Gunzbourg, Miss Jessie Anderson, Miss Enid Pears—the full list would be wearisome, and you know how well these and others have been doing since last September. Young Miss Patience Low has just distinguished herself by winning the club prize in the Aberdovey Open Meeting with a 72 net, so that she must be added to those who have earned grown-up laurels (I am sorry that sounds so like a dingy, suburban villa) and must therefore be specially watched.

This Miss Low must not be confused with Miss Ferelith Low, the Belgian Open Champion, who has just been runner-up with Mr. J. N. Buchanan in the Westward Ho ! Open Mixed Foursomes Tournament. Miss Ferelith Low is a wonderfully effective partner for any man; ask Mr. Willie Murray his opinion, and then pray that you may draw some other couple than they in the Worplesdon foursomes in October. She cannot, of course, put this knowledge of Westward Ho ! to account in the English Championship there next month, as her international qualification is Scottish. Those mixed foursomes, in fact, had a distinctly Scots flavour, for the winners were Captain and Mrs. Berkley Quill, and though he is secretary to the Royal North Devon, she is an ex-captain of Kincardineshire.

Mrs. Percy Garon (Essex), winner of the German Championship. She played some amazing golf in the final, going round in 72 with a five at a short hole. The par is 78

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ford golfing at North Berwick. He is in the Grenadier Guards, and Mrs. Ford was formerly Princess Marie Bariatinsky

Miss Grace Amory, the American girl golfer who, partnered by Miss A. de Gunzbourg (St. Cloud), reached the semi-finals of "The Bystander" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes last year. They were a very popular pair. This photograph was taken on the Gleneagles Hotel Course

Talking of Scottish counties, it appears that there was a misprint in the details of the competition in aid of the National Playing Fields, and Moray and Nairn County L.G.A.: Mrs. Bolton's address is 11H, The Mansions, Earl's Court, not 1H. My correspondent goes on to say: "May I correct your sympathetic allusion to the funds of Moray and Nairn County. Although two consecutive years' participation in the Scottish Finals is a drain on the resources of so small a community, numbering as we do, only five clubs, we never entertained the catastrophe of being 'too poor to send our team to the Finals.' The imputation of poverty rather touches our susceptibilities, both as to our credit and as to the possible impression made upon our neighbours whom we have defeated."

It is indeed good news that things are not quite so black as they were painted, but, after all, poverty is no disgrace, whilst the county's need of funds must be patent to all who hear of the ingenious competition organised by Mrs. Bolton, else the profits would naturally have been devoted to the N.P.F.A. in entirety, instead of divided between that body and Moray and Nairn.

Our Autumn Foursomes are to have real international interest again; Frau Zahn hopes to be over from Germany to partner Miss Rudyard at Ranelagh, and no doubt other names will come in to join theirs before long.

Talking of the autumn (meaning the season, not our Foursomes, which, however important, only occupy the four days, October 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th), the United Services Meeting has been changed from October 26th to 27th, so as to avoid a clash with "Star" Finals. And, talking of United Services, did you realise that they hold all the three inter-association challenge trophies this year—the Wilton Shield, the Inter-Association Cup, and the Field Day Cup? That means scratch match-play, handicap match-play, and handicap medal play. Pretty good, isn't it?

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

Left: Dr. Budd presenting his challenge cup to the winner, Martyn Green, who beat Darrell Fancourt in the final of the D'Oyly Carte meeting. Left to right: Darrell Fancourt, Hugh Jones, Marjorie Eyre, Leslie Rands, John Dean, Martyn Green, Maisie Baxter, Dr. Budd, Frederick Hobbs, Sir Henry Lytton, C. William Morgan, Muriel Dickson, and Charles Goulding

The D'Oyly Carte Co. on the Links

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

A Ridiculous Meeting

THE more I think about the progress of golf the more I wonder if "progress" is the right word to use. Now, with our National Championships and Open Meetings and International matches, golf seems to be leaving the rank of pastimes and joining Big Business. In the days of Tom Morris I do not suppose that many people knew his name, excepting those actively concerned in the game of golf. Now, in the days of Walter Hagen, everyone knows, not only exactly what he does upon the golf-course, but also exactly what he does off it. That he managed to shoot a brace of grouse is a matter for photographs in the illustrated papers and for headlines in the others. And yet, the fact remains that there is no reason to suppose that Walter Hagen is, or has been, any better a golfer than Young Tom Morris was at his best.

I may appear to be wandering from the point, but in actual fact I am not. I mention this publicity because I rather think that it is the curse of the game. A certain amount of publicity is undoubtedly of great value to any enterprise of any sort, whether it be business or whether it be pastime. But too much publicity—and, in particular, misplaced publicity—is more than a curse. . . it is a positive menace. The publicity, for instance, which is given to this International Week leads one to suppose that these matches between selected sides of amateurs from England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales are of paramount importance in golf. Now, is this in keeping with the actual facts? I will endeavour to point out the truth; but to do so I must go back a little and delve into the history of these International Matches.

As long ago as 1902 the first match was played and this was between Scottish and English amateurs. I am glad to say that Scotland won and continued, in fact, to win the great preponderance of the matches right up to 1912. From 1913 to 1921, both inclusive, the match was abandoned, and when it was revived in 1922 the conditions were altered so that the game was played by eighteen-hole matches and by foursomes and singles. Since that date England has been gaining revenge for those early reverses, and has won more times than Scotland, but there are indications to suggest that England's run of success is coming to an end. Now, up to the formation of the Unions, this International Match between England and Scotland formed a very pleasant prelude to the Amateur Championship, and was always played on the Saturday previous to the opening of the Championship itself. It was, in those days, considered a great honour to be selected for your country.

But now what happens? The Unions got together, as usual, in the glare of much-welcomed publicity, and decided that they wished to have an International Week, bringing in Ireland and Wales, and that they would hold this week at a time of year when nothing would clash with it. With their usual wisdom, they last year chose August, and this year much the same time, and they have every right to point out that the weather is likely to be excellent. But they have, in fact, omitted rather an important point, and that is this: August and September are not of the months in the year suitable for golf, and very few golfers play the game during this holiday period.

What has been the result? Since the Unions have had the selection of their Amateur International sides they have scarcely ever been able to play a match with the team as originally selected. To a great extent they have got over this by asking people personally whether they would play if selected, before actually announcing the teams to the Press. This certainly looks better: there are less refusals to be published. But, in fact, there are no less refusals, all the same. And the reason is perfectly clear, for at the time that this ridiculous meeting is scheduled to be played golfers simply do not want to play serious golf. The result of this is that selection for International sides now goes to many who would not be even in the reserve side had the first ten been available.

R. H. Marriott, one of the competitors for the Borough of Deal Challenge Cup at the Royal Cinque Ports Golf Club

THE inevitable upshot of all this is, of course, that there is no longer that feeling that, if selected for your country, you simply cannot refuse to play. The opportunity of playing for England (or Scotland or Ireland or Wales) loses fifty per cent. of its honour value, and will not outweigh the opportunity of shooting grouse and/or partridges, or of beguiling fish from the rivers. A golfer can play golf at any time, but he cannot shoot grouse at any time and he cannot fish at any time. And, in spite of whoever may tell me that, if selected for their country, they would accept the honour (?) I will continue to answer, as I did last year, that if selected and invited, in the circumstances which at present prevail, I can see no reason for not refusing if you do not want to play. As I have previously, and on frequent occasions pointed out, the Unions are responsible for quite a few good things: but . . . they appear to have an insatiable desire for self-aggrandisement and for publicity, which leads them to encourage innumerable little events, such as County Championships, in which the average golfer takes no interest whatsoever. All they are doing is clogging up the golfing calendar, and in this International Week they have merely added another silly little event to make the confusion worse.

Cars with a Personality

A Radio-Equipped Hillman "Minx"

By The Earl of Cardigan

Few 10-h.p. cars either look, or, in fact, are, so sturdy as the Hillman "Minx." This saloon model is distinctly handsome, while providing an unusual degree of space and comfort

I WONDER what the reaction of the average person is to the notion of including a wireless set as part of the equipment of a motor-car? Very probably it is none too favourable. Off-hand, I confess that my own first instinct was to regard the whole scheme as an amusing, but rather pointless "stunt." "Who," I asked myself, "wants to drive down Piccadilly to the strains of a brass band, or the recital of current fat-stock prices?"

The answer, of course, is that no one wishes to do anything so absurd. On the other hand—as I was to discover while driving this "special" Hillman "Minx," loaned to me by one of the luminaries of the Rootes organisation—there are occasions when a little soft music comes by no means amiss. When one is not in a hurry, but is merely cruising quietly along on some familiar country route, there is no doubt that the wireless *does* help to make the miles slip by in a pleasant and effortless manner.

How the "works" are carried. The battery can be seen, neatly stowed in a position which does not incommode the front-seat passenger in any way. The loud-speaker is barely visible just below the instrument panel

How the wireless works. A control box is clipped on to the steering column, carrying two "tuning" knobs and a dial

Comfort is welcome, both for ordinary motoring purposes and for the proper appreciation of music. The back-seat passenger of the Hillman "Minx" is, in this respect, remarkably well treated

This illustration shows how unobtrusive is the wireless set. One hardly notices that the car differs from the ordinary "Minx" in its equipment

I shall not attempt any technical details; for the good reason—in the case of the wireless fittings—that I should soon find myself beyond my depth. I did notice, however, that the radio equipment was by Philco, that the process of "tuning-in" was extremely simple, and that the whole set was so remarkably compact as to fit under the instrument-board without at any point trespassing upon essential space.

As to the car, it was a standard 1933 "Minx," with a four-speed gear-box. This is a model for which I have always had respect and liking, and its running came well up to my expectations. I understand that the "Minx" is to be slightly modified, with detail improvements both to chassis and coachwork, for the 1934 season, which, officially, is close upon us; but that there will be no major alterations. None, indeed, seem to be called for.

Driving a wireless-equipped car is certainly an interesting experience. It is convenient to "find" a suitable station before starting off, after which it is possible to tune "in" or "out" at any time without further concentration. With a little practice, it should never be necessary to take one's eyes off the road.

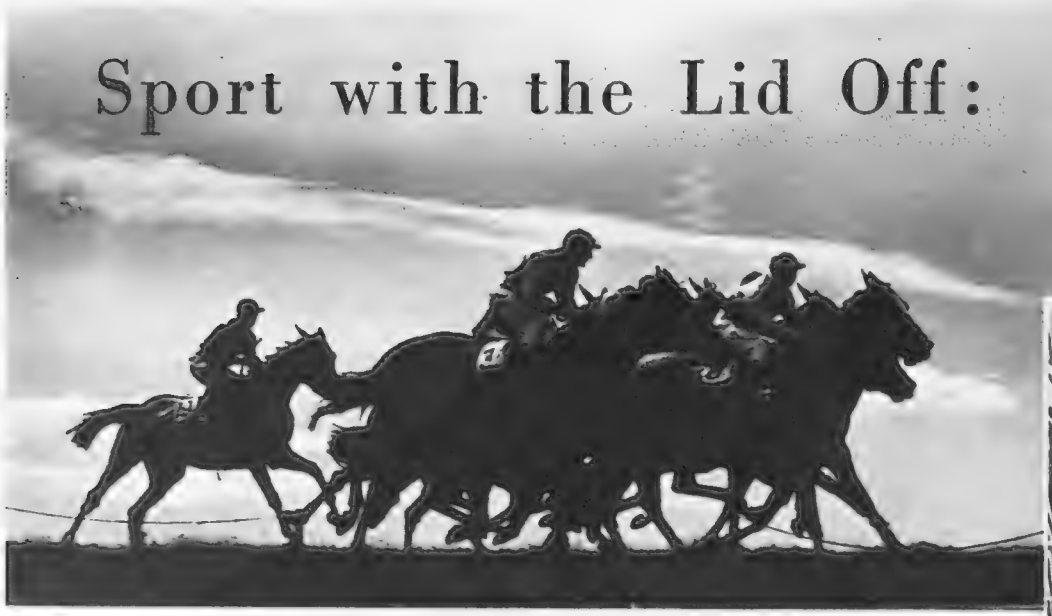
Should the wireless be used in town, some funny situations are apt to arise. Policemen look round nervously when, on holding up the traffic, they are treated to a gratuitous concert, proceeding, apparently, from nowhere. The effect is still more marked when, as actually happened during my test run, the programme is suddenly switched over to a religious service, and a clerical voice commences to boom out pious exhortations!

Naturally, however, the virtues of wireless are best appreciated on the open road. Here, the chief difficulty is for the driver to refrain, when stirring music is being played, from subconsciously following its theme. He is very apt to find himself doing a bit of crescendo work with the accelerator, followed by a spot of diminuendo on the foot-brake!

Sport with the Lid Off:

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"



The race for the Newark Selling Plate in progress at Lewes Second Summer Meeting, showing the horses silhouetted against the sky

THE idea that famous golf professionals are more of a liability than an asset to the clubs which engage them is gradually sinking through to the understanding of Committees. They secure the great man in the belief that his name will attract people to their course, that the name of the club, bracketed after his own in major tournaments, will be good publicity, and that he will be on hand to help members to overcome their slicing, hooking, and head-rearing tendencies.

IN theory, there is a certain amount of reason on their side. The name of a champion does create interest in the club to which he belongs, and a few earnest souls, hopeful that here at last may be the man to cure them of the vices which are almost destroying their belief in golf, will scurry along and join it. But great will be their disillusion, and their subsequent resignation will be from and not to. This, of course, does not suit the clubs' books at all, but it took the depression—which has affected golf subscriptions as it has affected everything else—to make them realise it.

This is what happens. The new member arrives at the club and is anxious to book a number of rounds with the distinguished professional. He finds that he cannot do so for at least three months, as the hero is away gathering fresh laurels or playing matches for large stakes put up by wealthy patrons. Let us suppose the new member to be a reasonable person. He acknowledges the professional's right to make as much money as he can, and he submits to waiting until the season of big tournaments is over.

Lord Runciman, the eighty-six-years-old shipowner, in the Southampton Master Mariners to a short cruise he is seen here directing the crew of Master Mariner

"Now, at last," he thinks, when he hears that the professional is once more in residence, "I can have some of the help for which I joined this club." He rings up and is told that a time cannot be arranged, but that the assistant-pro.

The Long and the Shorts of It

Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, who beat Miss Mary Heeley (right) in the National Women's Championship at Forest Hills, and lost to Miss Jacobs

First Blood

Left: Capt. G. Siddeley, of Armstrong Siddeley and Co., with Mrs. Siddeley. He was a competitor from London in the Ulster Motor Rally

yachting cap, centre, entertained in his schooner Sunbeam II., and who acted as the deck hands

The Sport of Queens

Miss Sunny Lowry, who swam the Channel from France to England in 15 hrs. 45 min., photographed with her trainer, Jabez Wolfe, after the completion of her self-imposed task

Below: the Duke of Beaufort moving off with the hounds after the first kill, at the Beaufort Hunt's Cubbing meet at Sevington, Gloucester

Right: the Nawab of Pataudi, the England and Worcestershire cricketer, sitting for his portrait, which is being painted by Mr. Charles Gerrard, at the Embassy Court Hotel

Another athlete being immortalised by art. Mr. Donald P. Hastings making a bust of "Bunny" Austin which will be shown at the artist's forthcoming exhibition of current celebrities

is available. Patiently, he explains the situation, and is rewarded by a calm "All right. But it'll cost you fifteen pounds."

This is not a fabricated story. It happened this summer to a friend of mine, and the professional is as well known as anyone in the golfing world.

My friend resigned, with explanations; and the Committee of that club admitted for the first time that the big pro. policy might be wrong.

It is ridiculous and unnecessary. If you pay a professional an adequate retaining fee, there is no possible excuse for his charging a large extra amount for his services. The fixed charge of, say, 7s. 6d. a round should be the same for all professionals, whether world-famous or not, and those who didn't like it could become unattached.

WHILE on the subject of golf I must record a new form of putting nerves which I saw for the first time last week-end. My opponent, an old and much-abused enemy, asked if I would give him a short putt. In order to irritate him I refused, thinking that he could not conceivably miss it. He scowled at me and started to putt. Suddenly, both arms stiffened and his club seemed to be pressed forward by an agency entirely outside his control. It pushed the ball along as if it were playing Corinthian bagatelle, and then gave it three smart raps which cost its owner the hole and subsequently, the match. There were a number of explanations of this strange happening, mostly libellous. I must hastily add, in case he should read this, that I do not believe in any of the libellous suggestions. It was the heat-wave.

I AM sorry to hear that George Headley, perhaps the finest bat the West Indies have ever had, is likely to have fallen to the lure of Lancashire League cricket. If this sort of thing goes on, the Dominions cricket selectors

(*Continued on page 450*)

Sir Joseph Hewitt, of Gristhorpe Manor, near Scarborough, seen with his sister, who was fishing with him, when this tunny, which weighed 572 lb., was caught

Sport with the Lid Off *(continued)*

will be afraid to choose their best players for a tour over here because of the danger of losing them. Still, I am glad that Headley has apparently arranged things so that he will be free to play for his country in Test Matches if they need him.

England, the land of the amateur, is a confirmed poacher of other country's talents, and it is a pity that we cannot be content with cultivating our natural resources. Constantine is a tremendous draw, and Headley is sure to be another. Both of them have the personality which turns a fine cricketer into an idol, and no one can blame them for making the most of themselves. But one cannot help regretting that Lancashire has the power to buy their talents and bury them in a provincial napkin, and the most amiable of their countrymen must resent it.

However, nothing can be done about it. Let us register our disapproval of the system which makes it possible, and pass on.

It is a pity that no reigning queen of lawn tennis is ever legitimately vanquished. Ill-health always comes to their opponent's aid, and they retire before being beaten in that fatal third set. I wonder why, when they are feeling thoroughly out of sorts and know that they cannot give of their splendid best, they do not retire from the tournament. It would be a dignified way out, and they would not lay themselves open to the often undeserved sneers of the crowd.

The best way of all would be to retire after their fifth or sixth successful season, at a time when they know that in the ordinary course of nature their powers are waning, and explain that they prefer retiring to being beaten. That would be a justifiable and sensible attitude.

I agree that it would be very hard. Famous athletes are as difficult to convince as prima donnas that their best days are in the past, and lawn tennis is not the only game whose veterans struggle on to an inglorious end because they will not let themselves believe that the time has come to give up their lease of the throne. More than one great Rugby player has had reason to regret that he did not retire before his country's selectors were forced to drop him, and there is not a sport in which the same little tragedy is not played out to its bitter end every year.

It needs an unusual combination of courage and common sense to leave, before it is physically necessary, a game to which you have given up the best of your energy and time. It is like bidding a premature farewell to youth. But there are many who have done so, and have spared themselves the pain of knowing that they can only do fairly well what they once did with perfect skill and confidence. They have avoided tarnishing the bright memory of their success with the memory of their later failures.

If the promised Indian Summer materialises this month the Rugby season will begin with a number of injuries. "Soccer" has already paid the penalty of a too-early start after a dry summer. It is not worth playing either game unless you go all out, and going all out on sun-baked grounds means a crop of irritating ailments such as water on the knee and sprained ankles and wrists.

Mr. F. Danford Thomas, the City Coroner, a member and late Chairman of Hampstead C.C., and Mr. F. R. D. Munro, the President, who has been instrumental in raising £28,000 to buy the ground

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

WAVES.

King Canute Commanded in Vain, but Modern Maidenhood, with the Aid of a Perfect "Permanent," has More Control.

People with straight hair are prone to be envious of those who have natural waves and curls, for the types to which the "Harriet Cohen" or the "Florentine Page" coiffures are becoming, are extremely rare, but one gathers that there are even disadvantages to being a "curly locks," apart from the ridiculous invitations to fruitarian meals! Natural waves, as Canute discovered, are apt to be unruly. So one may as well pay one's guineas and have the wave one wants.

But there is a considerable difference, not only between the apparatus but also in the technique of permanent waving. It is not merely a question of winding strands of hair round a "curler," putting it into a heater and leaving it for a certain time. Actually, the division of the hair, the method of winding, the type of sachet used, the duration of

the heating process—all matters of individual determination, are individually and collectively of supreme importance. Of all the processes to which modern woman submits herself in the name of beauty and chic, permanent waving is the one which calls most urgently for the expert practitioner. Anything less than a perfect wave may result in a frizzy, unsettable head of hair, or flat, lank locks, if not actual injury to the hair.

A really good "permanent" makes one independent of every consideration. One can bathe, knowing that a few deft touches will put one's hair back into its accustomed lines. Even rustic holiday resorts have no terrors because, once "permed," and "set," one can cope with coiffurial difficulties oneself.

But it is essential to employ experts for the initial operation, and costs no more. Eugène's apparatus is known throughout the world. The men whom he gathered together and trained in the process which he developed, improved and perfected are, necessarily, the most proficient and experienced practitioners of permanent waving in the world. At Quinton, Ltd., 19, Conduit Street, members of that original band of pioneers in the art which revolutionised hair-dressing are carrying on the good work, and women who avail themselves of the special knowledge and experience possessed by the members of this firm may be sure of a perfect and well-nigh indestructible permanent wave.

Progress in Air Transportation: Experiments in Wireless Control

By Capt. C. E. Ward

The Hon. Mrs. F. Westenra, the famous English airwoman who flew across the Sahara, chats to a friend from the cockpit of her machine—which, with its distinctive black-and-white motif, is well-known in flying circles

At the Cinque Ports Club

Mr. W. E. Davis (brother of Captain Duncan Davis, of Brooklands), Mrs. N. E. Davis, and Mr. Ken Waller, Assistant Instructor at the Cinque Ports Club, the joint owners of the machine in which Mr. Waller won the Folkestone Aero Trophy Race. The Trophy is on the wing, and Mr. Waller is holding the Cup

THE speed with which Aviation is taking its place as a normal method of transport must be a matter of surprise, not only to the general public, but to everyone connected with the aircraft industry; in the latter case the surprise is, no doubt, well tempered with satisfaction. Had anyone told me, a year ago, that August 1933, would see nearly a dozen regular air-lines operating within the United Kingdom, to say nothing of others in course of preparation, I should have reckoned him a super-optimist. Yet such is the case.

More remarkable still is the fact that nearly all these concerns, not to mention innumerable flying-schools, are operating without any assistance from the Government. If you ask, as you might, why should they expect any assistance from the Treasury, my answer would be to point to the air concerns of other nations, and the facilities, financial and otherwise, with which the Governments of those countries have thought fit, or necessary, to encourage them. Abolition of landing fees, free housing for aircraft, subsidies for manufacturers, repayment of part of the cost of new machines to private owners, vouchers for free instruction and solo flying; these are some of the means that are being employed to stimulate flying into energetic activity abroad.

Compare these things with the meagre Treasury support given to civil aviation in this country, and you will be astonished, as I am, that it is making such a gallant attempt to "fly by itself." Even the word support must be used with reservation; obstruction would be a more truthful word in certain cases. According to the Civil Register, there were 200 aeroplanes employed in regular air-transport and taxi work, in Great Britain, at the end of 1932. The year 1933 is likely to see a big increase in this figure.

Wireless on the Airways

REMARKABLE instances have been forthcoming, lately, from the Empire routes of Imperial Airways, of long-range wireless communication between aircraft in flight, and also between aircraft and ground stations. The other day, while one of the new Armstrong-Whitworth "Atalanta" type air-liners was flying near Mpika, on the African route, its wireless operator got into touch, and maintained communication for several minutes with, another aircraft of the same type which was then in the neighbourhood of Victoria West, nearly 2000 miles away. Even at that distance both operators found reception excellent, with no fading or interference.

Recently, also, while the air-liner Astraea was making an aerodrome survey between India and Australia, two-way communication was established with Sydney over a distance of more than 5000 miles, and maintained without difficulty for some time. On another occasion, a machine flying near the White Nile established communication over a distance of 4000 miles with a Government wireless station near Bristol, in England. Another operator picked up a news bulletin being broadcast from Miami, Florida. Which reminds me that the result of this year's Derby, which was broadcast the instant the horses had passed the post, was picked up by an operator in one of Imperial Airways liners who was flying near Baghdad. One hopes that he heard the news with satisfaction.

The remarkable instances in long-range communication are the result of experiments with a new type of equipment that has been developed as a result of exhaustive trials; the equipment has now been installed in all aircraft on Empire routes.

Round the Clubs

WITH the return of the fine weather the Clubs are all putting in long flying hours. The beautifully situated Thames Valley Club, at Hook Aerodrome, is attracting a large number of visitors; incidentally, it is holding an aerial garden party on behalf of the Surbiton Hospital on September 6. The Bristol and Wessex Club are also holding a garden party on September 16th.

At Heston, on Saturday night, the night watchman, during his midnight prowl, dealt with a rush telephone booking for the early morning Spartan service to Ryde. The passenger was Dr. Ashwin, who attended an urgent operation in Shanklin and returned to London the same day. The following day he made the same journey by air to see how the patient was progressing. During the week no less than forty-four machines cleared Customs at Heston.

The Portsmouth Aero Club has organised a new air-race which will be flown round the Isle of Wight, following the coast line, a distance of about eighty miles. The race will be held under the usual rules of the F.A.I. and Royal Aero Club, and is open to all "A" Licence pilots.

Service Long-Distance Flights

AN Overseas station of the Royal Air Force has recently carried out a series of long-distance flights without re-fuelling, the aircraft used being Westland "Wapitis" fitted with "Bristol" Jupiter engines.

The first flight, in which three machines took part, lasted 8 hours 53 minutes, the distance covered being 742 miles. A further flight, also with three Jupiter-Wapiti machines, lasted 11 hours 30 minutes. During this period a distance of 1040 miles was covered at a petrol consumption of less than 19 gallons per hour.

Shooting Notes

Study of the Partridge

By Max Baker

Right: Lord Altamont in the butts, shooting over the Slochd Beat, Kinveachy Forest, Inverness-shire, one of the party entertained by Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson, Bt.

Above: Colonel des Vœux, seen in one of the butts; left: Sir Spencer Maryon-Wilson, and below, the host, Colonel Selby Lowndes

THE decision of Imperial Chemical Industries to enquire scientifically into the life-history of the partridge and all that affects its well-being merits every possible support. There is, perhaps, no wild bird about which so much is known and yet is so subject to adverse influences that defeat exact analysis. Knowledge is widespread; its teachings are all of the rule-of-thumb order, and there is no treatise that reduces them to a compact system.

Science is measurement; in this case it will take nearly fifty important items, give each its place in a scheme of enquiry and weld the whole into a consistent policy for preservers to apply according to local conditions. Such is the I.C.I. scheme. Like all scientific enquiry, there is, first, the brain-sucking stage, then classification; after that, research and, finally, the emergence of truths which give back to the practical man more than he contributed in the first instance. Let all who have facts and knowledge to convey send them along in the assurance that they will be returned tenfold.

ON good partridge-land, well run by a competent owner who understands crop-gathering as well as production, there seems little to improve; yet even on such domains seasons have their ups and downs. The best that can be claimed is that the ups are very much up and the downs are not as bad as other people's. The curve will stand straightening by easing some of the dips.

Calling for attention much more insistently are the quantities of ground that appear well suited to game but are neglected and so carry a very small stock. The farmer likes to have partridges about; he benefits from the services of a keeper, provided that official looks after the rats, and he knows that land bringing in a good shooting rental is more generously administered than that which is derelict in the sporting sense.

During the past few weeks a big part of one of the choicest partridge and, therefore farming, domains in Suffolk has been acquired as an investment by one of the Cambridge colleges. If this inaugurates a back-to-the-land move by important financial interests, it should go far to bring the sporting side of the asset into reasonable yield. There is much good land that can be bought from ten pounds an acre upwards, and much again that can be rented at a price that makes ten pounds look extortionate. From either point of view, the standard shooting-rental of two shillings an acre is a useful contribution; the more so when we remember that a good keeper performs services which the farmer cannot get any other way. Sad indeed is the thought that many a £50 stack of corn will not be worth £30 by Christmas. Eliminate the rats and there is sense in waiting for a better market.

IN this and other respects, the better organisation of shooting will assist the regeneration of farming. At the finish, the partridge is the farmer's bird, always in evidence, ever dependent on cultivation. But it must be well managed to pay in yield for the help it needs to prosper as it should. Give it that management and it will thrive, in spite of the many handicaps that increasing population inflicts.

Where woods abound, the pheasant is naturally the premier bird; the staff it demands is in part measure devoted to the partridge as well; but the two are really antagonistic, because the early-breeding wild pheasant gets first pick at the worms. This side of the problem may be left to settle itself: what do need attention are the extensive tracts of unwooded territory—natural partridge-ground that does not carry the head it ought.

WHEN the remedy is sought, each man, according to his bias, will name the one thing above all others that will put things right; but after studying the I.C.I. chart, which is set out like a genealogical tree, one realises that the forty and more headings into which the subject is divided has each its special importance. There is no single specific, no outstanding factor; rather are there a lot of things necessary to achieve success. About some of them, such as disease, we are uncertain as to diagnosis, and at the moment helpless in the matter of cure.

As the enquiry proceeds, one thing will become increasingly clear—namely, that better management and organisation is not a keeper's task only. Direction must come from the class that knows the merit of theory and can use it to direct practice. The study should prove congenial, as is everything that brings one into contact with land and the marvellous processes of Nature.

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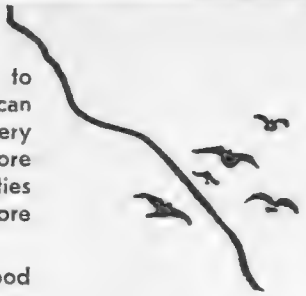

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The Doggy World

A Child for the Dog!

By Lady Kitty Ritson

A short time ago I had a puppy to give away, and I happened to mention that I thought it would make an ideal child's companion. The news seemed to travel as fast as the desert telegraph, and I was bombarded by complete strangers whose "little blessings" wanted a pet. Finally, a mother arrived with her child of eight to have tea and spend the afternoon. The child was enchanted with the dog, and when the mother rose to leave, she said: "I 'll take the puppy: he 'll suit Joyce perfectly."

"But," I replied sweetly, "I don't think that Joyce will suit Bob."

The mother stared at me in astonishment, and the child was removed in tears, protesting that she wanted "that darling Bob."

It is not only a case of finding a suitable dog for a child, but also of seeing that the child "fits" the dog. It is a complete fallacy that any dog likes being pulled about and mildly tortured by a child; sometimes it is too frightened or too good-natured to object, but it never enjoys it. No small puppy should be given to a small child, for, naturally enough, the child does not know how to handle it. It is very bad for puppies to be lifted up anyhow, and it is a hoary legend that the correct way is to pick them up by the scruff of the neck. You should put one hand under its chest and the other under its hind-quarters. Now, a small child is not strong enough to do this.

Five-weeks-old Corgi puppies at the Rozavel Kennels. They are an ancient breed of Welsh farm-dog and have come once more into favour, thanks to Royal patronage

If you want a small child to be brought up with a dog, let it have a middle-aged large dog, such as a collie or a Labrador. This can look after itself, and will walk away if it is being teased. On the other hand, you should never allow a child to tease a dog. A friend of mine has a little boy of three years old. He has an Alsatian puppy of about nine months old. Really, he is a nice boy, but the other day he suddenly turned and bit the puppy on the cheek. The wretched dog yelled, of course, and the child's mother promptly bent and bit the boy on the cheek.

The child, who had not really meant to hurt the dog—probably did not properly realise that his actions had hurt it—was made to understand by experience that it was most unpleasant to be bitten.

You should never give a dog to a child until the latter is old enough to look after it, even though it may need a little supervision. I don't believe in "nursery" dogs, for few nurses really like dogs, and are very apt to be impatient, if not actually neglectful, of them, which is a very bad example for the child. Often the dog does not get sufficient exercise and is not let out early enough, and, altogether, a nursery dog has a rather miserable existence.

It is a mistake to let a child be bitten by a dog, for it may frighten it for years, although I have known cases where nothing seems to make any difference. A little girl who lives close to me was attacked by an Irish setter and had to have eight stitches in her neck. She still wishes to pat the setter when she meets it!

The best age at which to give a child a dog is when the former is about twelve years old; then let it have whatever breed of dog it prefers, and supervise the care and feeding of the animal for the first month or two.

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Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

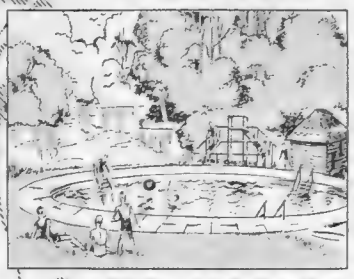
Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural alkaline-saline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

BATHE in a WOOD



Away from the hubbub and the high-road, away from people and hot dust to a bathing pool in the heart of a wood. To where there are seven acres of private parkland, a huge lake shadowed with trees, and beside the lake a magnificent new swimming pool. To where you can spend a secluded, lazy time bathing in the cool, fresh water, having tea, and lying in the sun on the grass or in the shade of the leaves. And yet it is only thirty miles from London.

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"The Bystander" Cruise

The ninth of the twenty "Bystander" cruise photographs in which the passenger circled, when she discovers herself, secures a lucky guinea if she writes in and gives her name and address. This photograph was taken on the deck of the s.s. Lapland, of the Red Star Line

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

DÎNER

Shrimp Cocktails

*

Sole à l'Indienne

*

Jambon Braisé

*

French Beans au Beurre Noire

*

Pain d'Ananas à la Royale

*

Gimbales de Foie Gras à l'Aspic

*

Café Dessert

Shrimp Cocktails

Put into the bottom of rather large wineglasses a dessertspoonful of tomato-sauce, cover with picked shrimps, and then add a dessertspoonful of Worcester sauce, to which a few drops of Tobasco pepper sauce have been already added.

Sole à l'Indienne

Fry the soles in the usual way. The Indienne sauce is made of melted butter mixed with pickles cut in small pieces, and the liquor of the piccalilli. Pour this round the fish, and garnish with chopped capers. If preferred, the soles can be filleted and cut into neat pieces.

Jambon Braisé

Soak a small ham for twelve hours, and cook it in water for one hour. Take it up, remove the rind, and trim it neatly. Put it in a braising-pan, with one glass of burgundy, one quart of gravy, or thin brown sauce, a bay leaf, a few peppercorns, two or three peeled shallots, an onion stuck with a clove, and one carrot. Cover the pan, and cook for two more hours, until the ham is quite tender. Take it out, remove the fat from the liquor, strain it, and return to the pan, adding one dessert-spoonful of Worcester sauce, one teaspoonful of castor sugar, and reduce with a little Espagnole sauce. Cut the ham into slices, and dish up; pour over some of the prepared sauce, garnish with small potato croquettes, a few mushrooms, and serve.

Espagnol Sauce

Mix three-quarters of a pint of brown sauce with a teaspoonful of Bovril, two mushrooms, one glass of sherry, a few drops of carmine and a pinch of castor sugar; reduce a quarter part, keep it skimmed while boiling, turning and use.

Pain d'Ananas à la Royale

Have a pint of grated pine-apple, ½ oz. of leaf gelatine, one tablespoonful of sherry, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, 2 oz. of castor sugar, and the whites of two eggs. Dissolve the gelatine in the lemon-juice, and a little water, then put it into a sauce-pan with the pineapple and sugar, and stir till the sugar is dissolved. Leave to cool, first adding the sherry, and when almost cold, add the whipped whites of eggs, pour into a mould, and lay on ice to set.

Gimbales de Foie Gras à l'Aspic

Line some small moulds with aspic, then place a good piece of foie gras in each; fill up with aspic. Leave on ice to set, then turn out and serve on chopped aspic.

"The Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(12th Year) Ranelagh, October 10th, 11th, 12th and 13th, 1933

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(9th Year) Roehampton, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th, 1933

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.

ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up, and semi-finalists

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Thursday, September 21st, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgment does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 21st the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reduction of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any Bystander Foursomes final during 1932 or 1933, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish, or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme* of the change.

The Directors of The Bystander reserve to themselves the right to alter or amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1933 — No entrance fee

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The Bystander Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, September 21st.

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES—
Ranelagh, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th

ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES—
Roehampton, October 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner.

Mrs. / *Miss* ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* The Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON — SEPTEMBER

Name *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address .....

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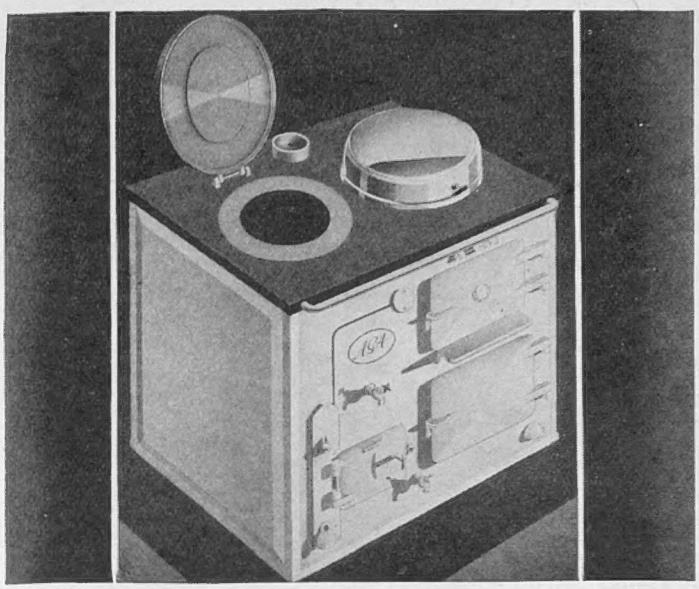

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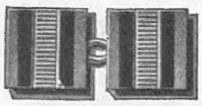

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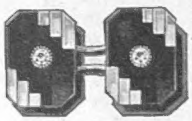

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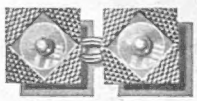

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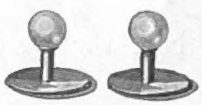

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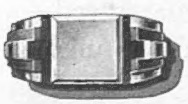

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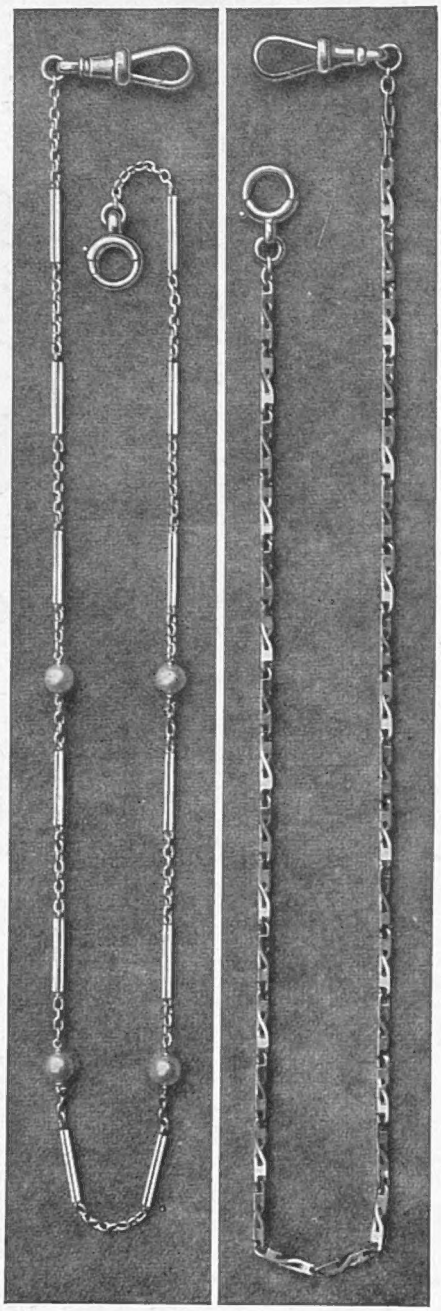

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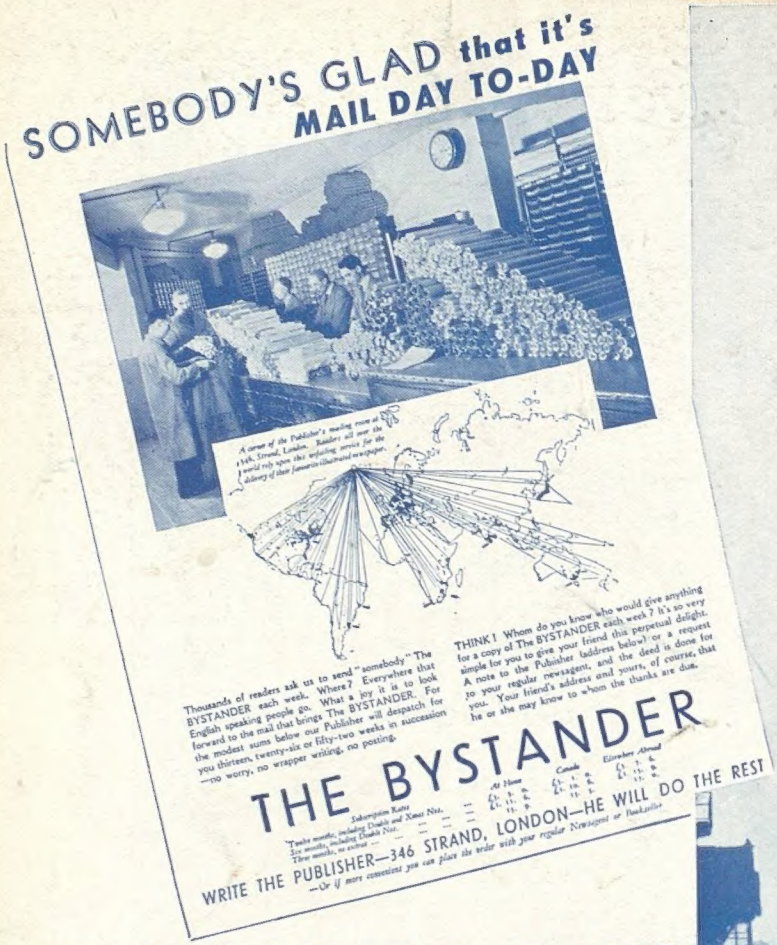

THE DAY OF DAYS

for friends far away . . . The Day The

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